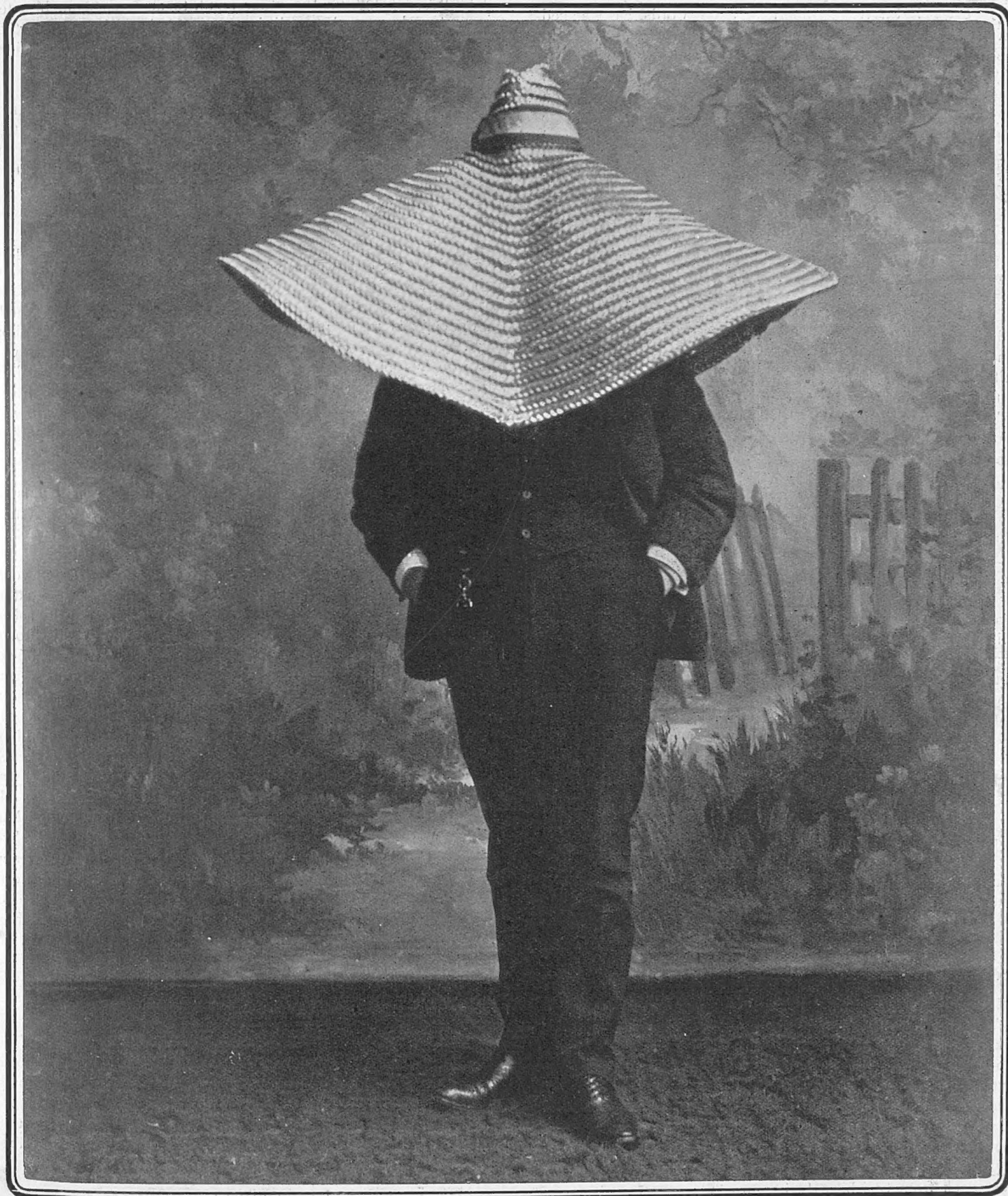


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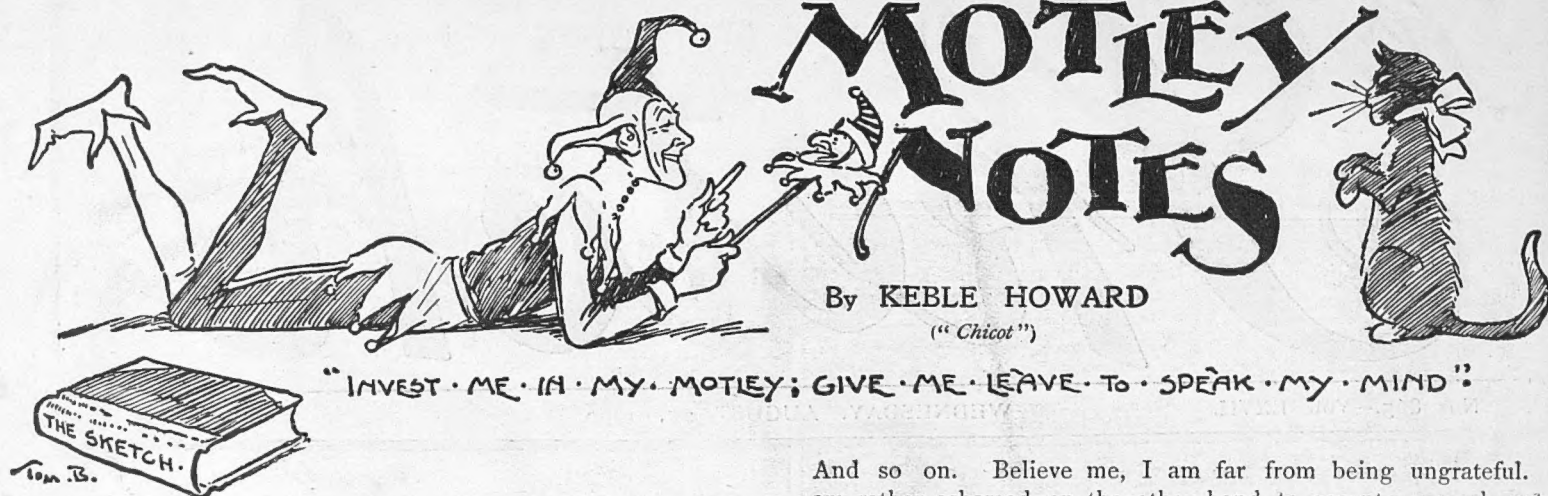
No. 865.—Vol. LXVII.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



IN THE SHADE OF THE SHELTERING STRAW! THE HAT FOR THE SUMMER.



Again the Saving Grace.

Sir W. S. Gilbert, in a few words, has silenced for ever the argument of those who maintain that the stage should be as free from censorship as the novel. "Previous witnesses have told us," said Colonel Lockwood, "that as the law is sufficient to deal with a book on any subject when it impinges upon propriety, they wish the stage to be equally free. Would you distinguish between the stage and a book?" I suspect that the Colonel, who is at least as sane as anybody on the Committee, knew that he was putting a delightfully leading question. Had Sir W. S. Gilbert failed to take advantage of it, there would have been loud lamentation in the humour-loving homes of England. But he did not fail. On the contrary, his answer will rank, I fancy, among his happiest sayings. "There is a very wide distinction," he replied. "In a novel, when you read that Eliza slipped off her dressing-gown and stepped into a bath, there is no objection to it; but if that were represented on the stage it would be a very different thing." Here you have the whole case in a nutshell. If the majority of the members of the Committee had half of Sir W. S. Gilbert's sense of humour, they would have settled the whole business in a couple of hours, increased Mr. Redford's salary, packed their little bags, and hurried away to the moors.

An Altruistic Adventure.

As a member of the Most Rare Order of Altruists, friend the reader, you are, I am sure, only too anxious to relieve for your fellow-man the tedium of the holiday season. You may be glad to know, therefore, that it is possible for you to do this without any trouble, cost, or pain. The only thing necessary is to make some more or less striking change in your personal appearance, such as shaving off your eyebrows. Personally, I am growing a moustache. I don't much like doing it, because it makes me look even more foolish than usual, but I reap my reward in the joy of my friends and acquaintances. However dull they may be feeling, however jaded, a glimpse of my incipient moustache galvanises them into a condition of hilarity that often threatens to reach a state of frenzied wit. Is there an awkward break in the conversation, my new moustache will bridge it. I find that this slight growth takes precedence of the weather, the Budget, the "Been away?" nuisance, aeroplanes, theatres, the age to marry, the State grant to Lieutenant Shackleton, worn-out horses, the futility of woman, the plague of man, births, deaths, marriages, the Japanese as beef-eaters, burglaries, colliery explosions, and the sanity of Mr. Thaw. More than that, it relieves me of any necessity to say anything. I may not be of the conversation, but I am certainly in it.

Gems from My Notebook.

Here they are—

- "It'll all come off in the morning with a little seccotine." (I think he must have meant benzine.)
- "Looks to me like the cylinder of a musical-box."
- "Puts at least twenty years on to your age."
- "Makes you look like a sixth-form boy."
- "Horrid! Never let me see you in it again!"
- "Lovely! Whatever you do, don't take it off!" (In a dream.)
- "I presume this is merely a temporary aberration?"
- "Just back from Salisbury Plain, Sir?"
- "Why have you shaved off your moustache?"
- "We must drop a line to Lloyd-George about this."
- "Struth!"

And so on. Believe me, I am far from being ungrateful. I am rather ashamed, on the other hand, to accept so much entertainment and to render so little return for it. Worse than that, I must needs turn the whole business into "copy." Disgusting.

If Lord Rosebery Never Spoke!

Among the people with whom the average man finds himself in disagreement on most matters of unimportance is Lord Rosebery. Lord Rosebery, I am told, has just been saying that advertisement, in this age, has become second nature—or something of that sort. It would be difficult to find any statement that lent itself more readily to flat contradiction. To begin with, advertisement is nothing if not an art. Booming is not advertisement. Shouting and running up and down is not advertisement. A man may be quite notorious without being at all advertised. Secondly, none of the best goods or the best people is advertised. In the case of the best goods, the difficulty is to keep other people from getting to know about them. In the case of the best people, their difficulty is to prevent less worthy folk from getting to know them. Besides, nothing attracts more attention than silence. Take the case of the horse. We all unite in praising the horse far beyond his deserts, chiefly because he does his work, when compelled to do it, without talking about it. Many men work harder than horses, but they make the mistake of telling you about it, and then you contradict them. We should hold the lion in far higher esteem if he bit our heads off without any fuss. It is his roar that has led to his dethronement.

Every Fly has his Day.

And now with regard to the fly. In your youth you were told that the fly had been created for some all-wise purpose. When you asked, "What purpose?" you had your ears boxed. This reply, though temporarily effective, was not convincing. Neither was it of any use to the subject under discussion, for you probably took your revenge on society by killing the fly. The fly, a consistently silent person, died as he had lived. "Where," you will ask, "does the value of silence come in in the case of the fly?" Being unable to box your ears, not to say unwilling, I will refer you to the *Family Doctor*. This celebrated journal has warmly espoused, as the saying goes, the cause of the fly. "Wise men say," the *Family Doctor* tells you, "the duty of flies is to consume the myriad tiny animals whose decay would otherwise poison the air. The evil that flies do lives in our memory; the good—but how can we know what miseries we escape through this instrumentality?" From this moment the fly takes a different position in the social scale. There is one on my ceiling at this moment. I leave off working to gaze at it. How marvellous to think that that little creature, upside down on the ceiling, is saving my life by consuming myriads of tiny animals! . . . Lack of space, unhappily, prevents me from explaining the all-wise purpose for the existence of the tiny animals.

David, His Friends.

The unemployed have a new song. (I place it on record, not as a politician, for I loathe both sides, but merely as an interested, humble observer of the passing show.) They sing it lying on their beds, pipe in mouth, or standing in their favourite bar, elbow on counter. These are the words—

I loves Lloyd-George,
'Is 'eart is that warm;
An' if I don't earn nowt,
'E'll do me no harm.

RINGS ON HER FINGERS AND BOWS ON HER HOSE!



BOW-STOCKINGED: MISS ANNA HELD IN THE "VERY LATEST."

The lace-insertion stockings and the tasselled stockings have another rival—in the form of the stockings here shown, worn by pretty Miss Anna Held, hose that are ornamented with a series of little bows, placed one above the other.—[Photographs by Reutlinger.]

FOUR PEOPLE WHO MAKE TWO ETERNAL TRIANGLES.

"THE BEST PEOPLE," AT WYNDHAM'S.



1. MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS AS THE HON. GERALD BAYLE.

2. MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX AS LADY EMSWORTH.

3. MR. FREDERICK KERR AS LORD EMSWORTH.

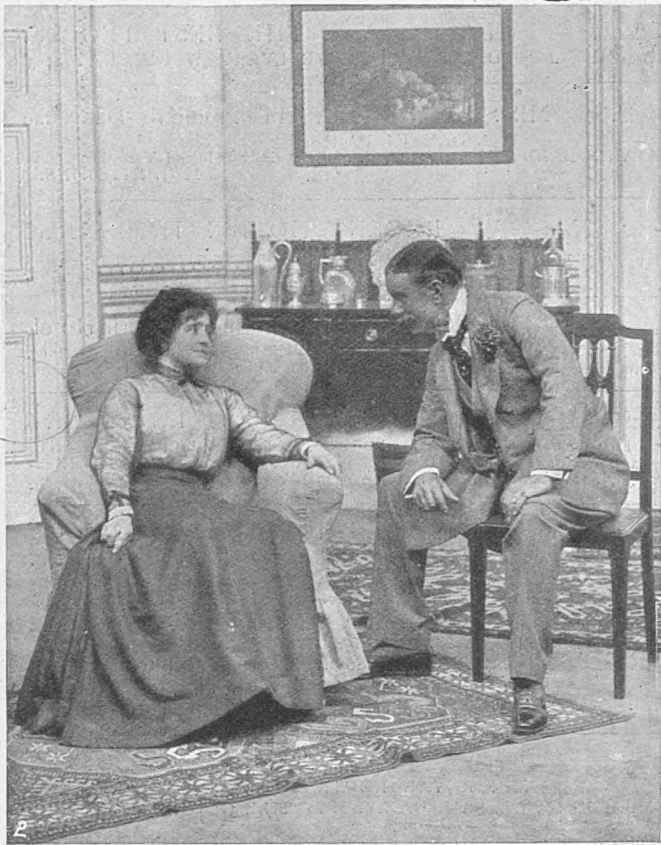
4. MISS EVA MOORE AS THE HON. MRS. BAYLE.

During his wife's absence, Gerald Bayle continues a flirtation with Lady Emsworth, and carries it to the extent of asking her to go away with him. This Lady Emsworth is not willing to do, but she agrees to sup with him alone in his flat. Mrs. Bayle returns from abroad unexpectedly, discovers her husband's fickleness, and decides on a plan of campaign. Lord Emsworth is only too willing to flirt with her, and she asks him to sup with her in the flat at the time fixed by her husband for his supper with Lady Emsworth—this not knowing that Lady Emsworth is the third party. Thus the supper-party is a decided surprise to all concerned,—

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

AS IT IS DONE IN STAGE SOCIETY:

"THE BEST PEOPLE," AT WYNDHAM'S.



1. THE HON. GERALD BAYLE (MR. KENNETH DOUGLAS) FLIRTS DESPERATELY WITH LADY EMSWORTH (MISS LETTICE FAIRFAX), AND COMES MORE AND MORE TO THE CONCLUSION THAT SHE IS PARTICULARLY FOOLISH.

2. LORD EMSWORTH (MR. FREDERICK KERR) FLIRTS CASUALLY WITH THE HON. MRS. BAYLE (MISS EVA MOORE), AND COMES MORE AND MORE TO THE CONCLUSION THAT SHE IS PARTICULARLY FASCINATING.

3. MRS. BAYLE, HAVING DISCOVERED THAT HER HUSBAND IS TO SUP ALONE WITH A LADY IN HIS FLAT, PRETENDS TO MISS THE TRAIN SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO CATCH, AND ALSO DECIDES TO SUP WITH HER HUSBAND, HAVING MEANTIME INVITED LORD EMSWORTH TO SUP WITH HER ALONE IN THE FLAT—HENCE THE LITTLE GAME OF CROSS-PURPOSES FOR FOUR THAT IS HERE ILLUSTRATED.

—To complete the cure, Mrs. Bayle, whose husband is once again beginning to fall in love with her, keeps him at a distance, and encourages him to be with Lady Emsworth, whose stupidity disgusts him more and more. Then, the cure complete, she forgives him.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

GAIETY THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8. A new Musical Play, **OUR MISS GIBBS**.
Box-office open daily 10 till 10.

NEW.—THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.—Evenings at 9,
MATINEE Weds. at 3. **MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS**, **MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH**.
At 8.30, Mats. 2.30, **THE DEPUTY SHERIFF**. Proprietor, Sir Charles Wyndham.
MR. HERBERT SLEATH'S SEASON.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE. THE ARCADIAN.
EVERY EVENING at 8. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.

WYNDHAM'S.—Evenings, at 8.45, **THE BEST PEOPLE**.
At 8.15, A BOY'S PROPOSAL. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 3.

EMPIRE. Mlle. **LYDIA KYASHT** Première Danseuse
in A DAY IN PARIS.
EMERSON AND BALDWIN, BIOSCOPE, and Specially Selected Varieties.
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, **MR. H. J. HITCHINS**.

LEAMINGTON SPA. **REGENT HOTEL.** Premier Hotel
of Midlands. Ideal Summer Resort. Centre of beautiful and historic country. Enlarged and
re-modelled. Large stables and garage. Moderate Terms. Telephone 0659 and 109 Leamington.

BIRMINGHAM.—**IMPERIAL HOTEL**, formerly Acorn Hotel,
Temple Street. 100 BEDROOMS. Three Minutes' Walk from both Railway Stations.
GARAGE. Passenger Lift. Night Porter. Telegrams: "Acorn" or "Imperial," Birmingham.

DUBLIN HOTEL METROPOLE, SACKVILLE STREET
(next General Post Office). Convenient for Railways, Steamers, and Amusements. The
most Modern and Luxurious. Passenger Lift. Electric Light. Sanitation officially certified. High-
class Restaurant attached. Moderate Tariff. Descriptive matter on application to the Manager.

**WESTGATE-
ON-SEA.**
**ST. MILDRED'S
HOTEL.**

UNEQUALLED POSITION FACING SEA.
STANDS IN ITS OWN GROUNDS OF OVER AN ACRE.
Entirely redecorated throughout. Magnificent Lounge.
THE ONLY HOTEL IN WESTGATE WITH ELECTRIC
LIGHT AND SYSTEM OF HEATING.
SPECIAL TERMS for LENGTHENED STAY DURING
THE WINTER MONTHS AND FOR GOLFERS.
ELECTRIC LIFT. Telegrams: "St Mildred's," Westgate.
Telephone: 0196 Westgate. E. B. ALEXANDER, Proprietor.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.
THE ROYAL ROUTE.
COLUMBA, IONA, &c., SAIL DAILY, MAY TILL OCTOBER.
Official Guide. 6d.
Tourist Programme post free from **DAVID MACBRYNE, Ltd.**, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

THE SUNNY SOUTH COAST.—**BRIGHTON** IN 60
MINUTES—DAILY—"THE SOUTHERN BELLE," Pullman Express leaves Victoria
at 11 a.m. daily. Single Ticket, 9s. 6d.; Day Return Ticket, 12s. Returning at 5.45 p.m. on
Weekdays and 5 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. on Sundays.

EASTBOURNE IN 1½ HOURS by Pullman Limited, every Sunday from Victoria 10.45 a.m.
Returning at 5.15 p.m. Single Ticket, 11s. 6d.; Day Return Ticket, 12s. 6d.

FREQUENT FAST TRAINS AND WEEK END CHEAP TICKETS (1, 2, 3 Class),
from Victoria, London Bridge, and Kensington (Addison Road).

TO BRIGHTON HOVE WORTHING	Fast Trains, Week-days, to Brighton from Victoria, 10.15, 11, 11.40 a.m., 1.55, 3.40, 4.30, 5.45, 6.35, 7.15, and 9.50 p.m.; also from London Bridge, 9.7, 11.50 a.m., 1.20 (Sats. only), 2 (Sats. only), 4, 5, and 6 p.m. Through Trains to Hove and Worth- ing from Victoria 10.30, 11.30 a.m., 1.55, 3.27 p.m., and from London Bridge 1.20 (Sats. only), 2 (Sats. only), 4, 5.8, and 6 p.m.
EASTBOURNE BEXHILL ST. LEONARDS HASTINGS	Fast Trains leave Victoria at 9.40 a.m., 12 noon, 1.10 (Sats. only), 1.25, 3.22, 5.20, and 6.45 p.m.; London Bridge 9.55 a.m., 12 noon, 2, 4.5, and 5.5 p.m. Week-days.
LITTLEHAMPTON BOGNOR HAYLING ISLAND PORTSMOUTH SOUTHSEA ISLE OF WIGHT	Fast Trains, with Isle of Wight connection, leave Victoria 8.55, 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.40, 3.55, 4.53, and 6.15 p.m.; London Bridge 10.25, 11.35 a.m., 1.50 and 4.50 p.m. Week-days.

Details of Superintendent of Line, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, London Bridge.

THE HIGHLAND RAILWAY.

THE STRATHPEFFER SPA.

RICH IN HEALING WATERS.
PURE, HEALTH-GIVING, INVIGORATING AIR.
Fine Centre for Excursion Parties.
THROUGH LAVATORY CARRIAGES AND SLEEPING-CARS
FROM LONDON NIGHTLY.
TOURIST FARES FROM LONDON TO STRATHPEFFER SPA,
FIRST CLASS, 15s. 3d.; THIRD CLASS, 6s.
Guide to Strathpeffer Spa posted on application.

Inverness, 1909.

T. A. WILSON,
General Manager.

JAPAN IN 16 DAYS BY THE BRITISH ROYAL MAIL ROUTE.

DAILY EXPRESS SERVICE to the CONTINENT, via Harwich-Hook of Holland.
THROUGH CARRIAGES and Restaurant Cars between the Hook of Holland, Amsterdam,
Hanover, Berlin, Cologne and Bâle; and Hanover and Leipzig. THROUGH CARRIAGES
to and from Frankfurt-on-Main.
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.30 p.m. for the Hook of Holland. CORRIDOR
TRAIN, Dining and Breakfast Cars.
ANTWERP, via HARWICH, for the Ardennes (Cheap Continental Holiday), Brussels,
every week-day.
London (Liverpool Street Station) dep. 8.40 p.m. for Antwerp. Dining and Breakfast Cars.
Rundreise Tickets—Quotations given for Tours.
TURBINE STEAMERS on the Hook service.
WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY and SUBMARINE SIGNALLING on the G.E.R. steamers.
Particulars of the Continental Manager, Great Eastern Railway, Liverpool Street Station,
London, E.C.

HAMBURG.—In connection with the Great Eastern Railway,
via Harwich. By the General Steam Navigation Company's Fast Passenger Steamers
"PEREGRINE" and "HIRONDELLE," EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY.
Passengers leave London (Liverpool Street Station) at 8.40 p.m. Dining and Breakfast Cars.
First Class, Single, 37s. 6d.; Return, 56s. 3d.
Second Class, Single, 25s. 9d.; Return, 38s. 6d.
Further particulars of the G.S.N. Co., 15, Trinity Square, London, E.C.; or of the
Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

SMITH, ELDER.
The Sowers. Henry Seton Merriman. 2s.
net.
The Slave of the Lamp. Henry Seton
Merriman. 3s. net.
JOHN LONG
A Summer Wreath. Mrs. Campbell Praed.
6s.
The Severn Affair. Gertrude Warden. 6s.
STANLEY PAUL.
Love, the Thief. Helen Mathers. 6s.
Co-Heiresses. E. Everett Green. 6s.

JOHN LANE.
George Bernard Shaw. G. K. Chesterton.
5s. net.
JOHN MURRAY.
Humours of the Country. From "Farm
and Home." 3s. 6d. net.
METHUEN.
Splendid Brother. W. Pett Ridge. 6s.
FENEAS MACKAY (STIRLING).
Irish Life and Humour. William Harvey,
F.S.A. Illustrated by Erskine Nicol.
5s. net.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.
Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist,
and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand
words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general
articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether
(a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been
sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No
published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made
to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written
carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print
must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and
Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes,
buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used.
Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected
contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not
accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings,
paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely
to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,
the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does
an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch,"
nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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A FEATHERED "GRAND DUKE": A DEAD OWL AS ASSISTANT TO SPORTSMEN.



1. THE STUFFED AND JOINTED OWL, KNOWN AS "GRAND DUKE," IS PLACED IN POSITION ON A BRANCH, FACING THE WIND, AND- NEAR THE SPORTSMAN'S HUT, A CORD RUNNING FROM THE BRANCH TO THE HUT.
2. THE SPORTSMAN IS SCARCELY IN POSITION BEFORE CROWS, SEEING AN OWL ABROAD IN THE DAYTIME, ATTACK IT, ATTRACTED FURTHER BY THE LIFELIKE MOVEMENTS OF THE BIRD, CAUSED BY THE PULLING OF THE CORD BY THE SPORTSMAN.
3. THE SPORTSMAN HAVING PLAYED HAVOC WITH THE CROWS, THE BAG IS COLLECTED.

It is a curious fact that when an owl is unwise enough to be abroad in the daytime it is an object of attack for other birds, who know that it is comparatively helpless in the glare of day. Knowledge of this has made the stuffed owl of considerable value as a decoy.



MRS. OSWALD GUNTER (FORMERLY MISS FLORENCE GUNTER), WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK. Mrs. Gunter is the youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Gunter, Rector of Asberton, Essex.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

THE Princess of Wales, who is due with her children at Abergeldie Castle, has been paying a short visit to Lord and Lady Brownlow at Ashridge Park. Lord Brownlow is now very much of an invalid, but there is no merrier circle than his

when Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cust are among his guests. Mr. Harry Cust is heir to the barony of Brownlow, and he should be persuaded to publish a volume of his amusing verses before he grows shy as to their levity. While the Princess was at Ashridge, the Prince of Wales had another Cust shooting with him in Scotland; and Mr. Lionel Cust is the King's chosen Surveyor of Pictures and Works of Art. Perhaps if the post had carried with it the title of custodian, a national horror of the pun would have been a good enough reason for its bestowal in another quarter.

An Important September Wedding. The marriage of Mr. Edward Lindley Wood, the only son of Lord and Lady Halifax, and Lady Dorothy Onslow will be one of the most important weddings of this autumn; it has now been fixed to take place on Sept. 25, at Clandon Park. Mr. Wood, unlike most young men in his position, is already the owner of a most beautiful place—Temple Newsom, the estate, together with a suitable income for its upkeep, having been left to him by his aunt, the late Mrs. Meynell Ingram. Lady Dorothy Onslow is not only very pretty, but she is noted for her intellectual acquirements, being especially remarkable as a linguist. Her sister, Lady Gwendolen, is married to the eldest son of Lord Iveagh. It is an interesting fact that Mr. Wood is standing for the Ripon division

SMALL TALK

but which she now occupies with her father, the Right Hon. William McEwan.

Not all Croquet.

The members of the King's "household" at the Hotel Weimar have much to do besides playing croquet on the grounds of the Marienbad golf club. It is wonderful how many claims upon the time and attention of the King's four gentlemen spring up in this little town among the mountains, agog with unwonted stir, and full of visitors. Colonel Ponsonby, assistant private secretary, is seldom busier than when the King and he are "resting" at Marienbad; but, fortunately, he has inherited his father's aptitude for his part. He was brought up in the proper school of courtiers—that is, at Court; and long before the Saxon Tower came to be the address proper to his own visiting-card, he was familiar with the ins and outs of Windsor Castle. He is therefore quite in his element, being, as it were, to the manner born.



MR. OSWALD GUNTER, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS FLORENCE GUNTER TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mr. Gunter is the second son of the late Colonel H. Gunter, who did good service in Queensland.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]



Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

MISS JOYCE BLAKER, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT TO CAPTAIN BASIL HANBURY BROWN IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Blaker is the only daughter of the Rev. Cecil Renshaw Blaker, of Turner's Hill, Sussex. Captain Hanbury Brown is in the Royal Artillery, and is a son of Major Sir R. Hanbury Brown, of Newlands, Crawley Down, Sussex.



MISS PHYLLIS ROOKE AND LIEUTENANT GEOFFREY WATKINS, WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

Miss Rooke is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Rooke, of 54, Eccleston Square. Lieutenant Watkins is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watkins, of Castle Combe, Wilts. It will be remembered that he is the officer who was saved so gallantly by Lieutenant Brodie during the recent disaster to one of our submarines.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell.

of Yorkshire, and his young bride will probably spend the first few months of her married life in canvassing the constituency.

The Private Secretary.

Queen Alexandra loses her private secretary, for the time being, by the going of the Hon. Sidney Greville to Marienbad with the King. Mr. Greville, who was born at Warwick Castle, is a brother of Lord Warwick, and is connected with the other Grevilles, who hold the barony of that name and enjoy the King's friendship. Captain the Hon. Ronald Greville, elder son and heir of Lord Greville, whose death was much deplored, was of the inner ring of his Majesty's acquaintance; and the King has lately visited his widow at Polesden Lacy, the mansion in which, as fate decreed, she was never to live with her husband,

Ponsonby 'pon Ponsonby.

Colonel Ponsonby's mother contrived to make Saxon Tower very habitable without spoiling the only interior portion of Windsor Castle that had withstood the "improvements" and renovations of centuries. The dungeon-room she turned into her own private study, and her good sense has helped to preserve the old inscriptions written upon her walls by prisoners of Cromwell's time. As long ago as 1857 his Majesty was looked after by a Ponsonby, the father of his present attendant accompanying him to Königs-winter when he studied there in that year.



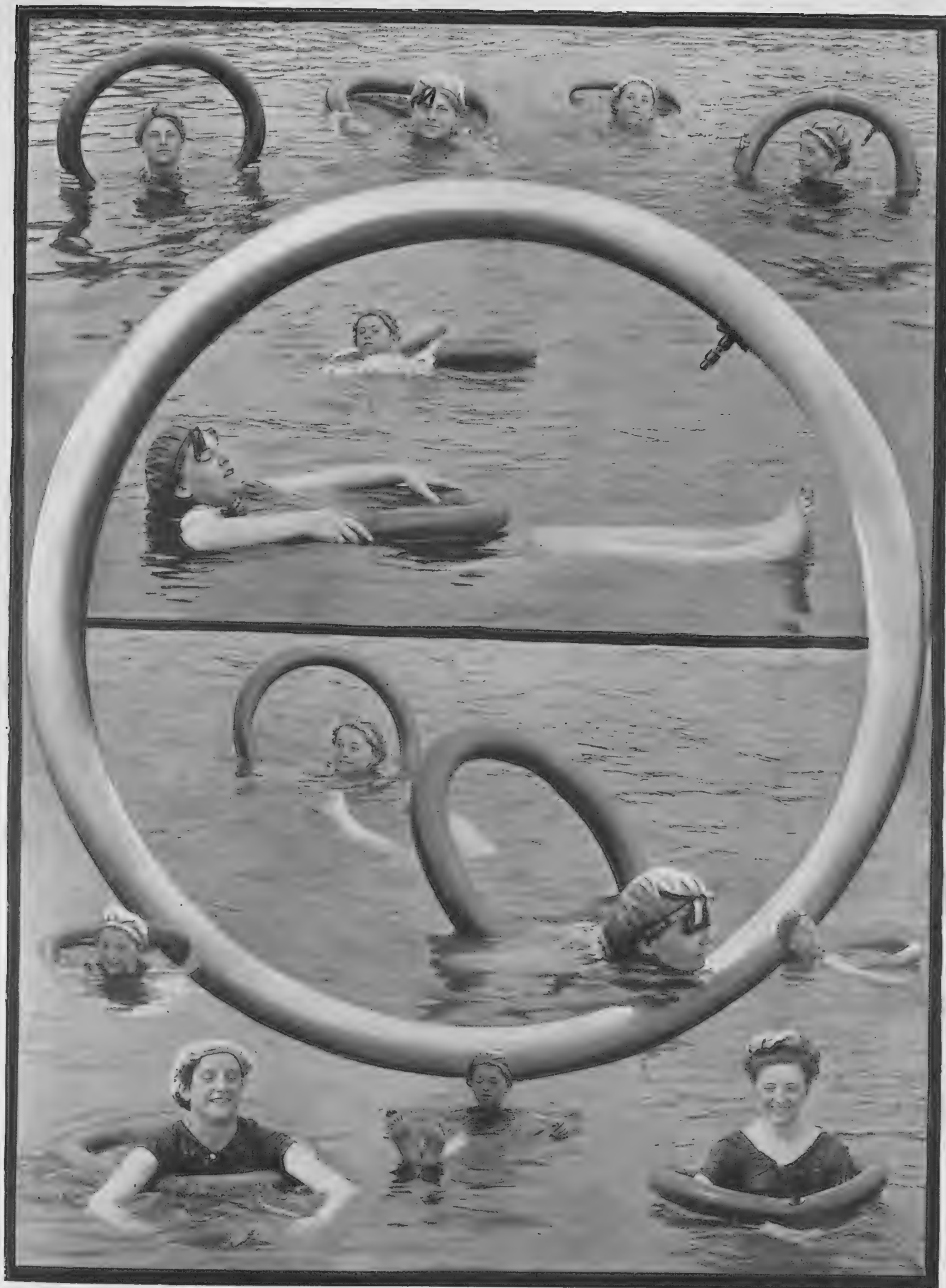
ENGAGED TO THE HON. EDWARD FREDERICK LINDLEY WOOD: LADY DOROTHY ONSLOW. Lady Dorothy is the younger daughter of the Earl of Onslow. She is twenty-four. Mr. Wood is the only son of Viscount Halifax, and is twenty-eight.—[Photograph by L'Estrange.]



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN ARTHUR GRANT, D.S.O.: MISS EVELYN WOOD.

Miss Wood is very well known in London society. Captain Grant is the eldest son of Sir Arthur Grant, of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire.—[Photograph by Lillie Charles.]

THAT TYRED FEELING! PUT ME AMONG THE BUOYS!



SWIMMING, NEW STYLE: OLD INNER TUBES AS LIFE-BUOYS FOR BATHERS.

It was discovered at Ostend a few days ago that the inner tubes of motor tyres made very excellent substitutes for the small life-buoys favoured by some bathers. The idea has reached Westcliff-on-Sea, with the results here shown.

Photographs by Topical

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



COMING OF AGE THIS MONTH: THE MARQUESS OF STAFFORD, ELDEST SON OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

The Marquess of Stafford was born on Aug. 29, 1888. He is a Lieutenant in Lovat's Scouts Yeomanry.
Photograph by Laingier.

not need to be reminded. He never needs reminding, he never needs telling, he never needs teaching, he never needs preparing. No man can do so well without these processes as he, and yet meet all eventualities with knowledge and tact. But, nevertheless, the most accomplished of monarchs is hearing many anecdotes about, not the least accomplished, but the least experienced, and certainly the most delightfully easy-going of crowned heads.

"I like that youngman," is an expression in regard to King Manuel much quoted at Marienbad.

The King's Portuguese.

The King of Portugal is young enough to be quite natural, and high-spirited enough to be unconventional without a suggestion of self-consciousness.

"Duke's Son." in four days the Marquess of Stafford will be twenty-one, and at both Lilleshall and Trentham

great are the celebrations of the happy event. But Stafford House itself is the real headquarters of the Sutherland-Gower birthdays, and it is the accepted thing that members of the family should first see the light there.

When, in 1845, Queen Victoria, who was interested always and above all things in births, deaths, and marriages, wrote to congratulate the then Duchess on the advent of a son, she at the same time inquired after two other ladies of the house who were expectant, for the Duke did not let his many rooms lie idle, and his married sisters often found London the most convenient centre on such occasions. Thus it has come about that the great London mansion of the Sutherlands has been the birthplace of so many of their race.

Lord Ronald's Omen.

Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower, who himself kept a birthday recently—his sixty-third—is the uncle of the Duke of Sutherland, and, by the way, the uncle or great-



THE NEW LORD ANNESLEY, THE EARL OF ANNESLEY.

The young Earl, who was formerly known as Viscount Glerawly, was born in February 1884. He is the only son of the fifth Earl by his first marriage.

Photograph by Lafayette.



QUEEN AND COLONEL: THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN AS COLONEL OF THE PRUSSIAN FUSILIER REGIMENT THAT BEARS HER NAME.

Photograph by Schuhmann.

himself kept a birthday recently—his sixty-third—is the uncle of the Duke of Sutherland, and, by the way, the uncle or great-



THIRD WIFE OF THE FIRST BARON ASHTON: LADY ASHTON.

Lady Ashton, whose marriage to Lord Ashton took place recently, was Mrs. J. L. Whalley, widow of the late Colonel J. Lawson Whalley, of Richmond House, Lancaster. She is a daughter of the late Rev. R. Daniel.—*[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]*

He is ready to conduct his affairs of State upon the unblushing postcard as freely as King Alfonso or Mr. Gladstone, and the telephone is a perpetual joy to him. Even the learned societies of Portugal must put the "receiver" to their ears when their monarch has word with them, and it is told that he keeps their learning lively. About a hundred years ago the Portuguese Academy, gravely treading in the footsteps of the French Forty, set to to make a dictionary. Etymology is not a very exact science in Portugal, and so violent were the disputes arising over the compilation of the dictionary that the work proceeded no further than the letter "A." The other day the King heard of it; the Academy's telephone began to tinkle. "I say, are you there? I'm Manuel," came the voice. "What about that dictionary? Isn't it time something was done? Get busy on 'B' at once, please." And that was all the royal diction. But a dictionary will come of it.



WIFE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF TURKEY: LADY ELIZABETH SMITH.

Lady Elizabeth, wife of Sir Henry Babington Smith, new President of the National Bank of Turkey at Constantinople, is the eldest daughter of Lord Elgin, and was born in September 1877. Her marriage took place in 1898.—*[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]*

uncle of two or three other dukes. He has been following with peculiar interest the progress of events at Barcelona, a city that has always possessed decided attractions for him. Of the Rambla, its main street, he has written from his seat at the window of the Hotel of the Four Nations: "An almost endless procession of carriages full of maskers (it was carnival time), with horses draped and beplumed, passed down that gay, picturesque street, with the Gulf of Lyons at one end of it, and the blue hills at the other. For hours the night resounded with the festive uproar. What is pleasant about this holiday is that all classes join in it equally, and there seems to be perfect equality of give and take." In London it would end in fisticuffs, he continues; and now Barcelona knows worse than fisticuffs. While Lord Ronald watched the maskers a funeral procession passed, leaving the impression of something sinister that has since been fully justified.



ENGAGED TO MR. CECIL FRANCIS HARVEY TWINING: MISS DOROTHY ELIZABETH CHARRINGTON.

Miss Charrington is the only daughter of Mr. Charles E. N. Charrington, of Frensham Hill, Farnham, Surrey. Mr. Twining is the eldest son of Mr. Herbert Haynes Twining.—*[Photograph by Keturah Collings.]*

THE HERMIT: A PRIEST WHO CARVES THE ROCKS OF BRITTANY.



1. THE ABBÉ FOURÉ, AND ONE OF THE GROTESQUELY CARVED IMAGES IN HIS GARDEN.

2. THE ABBÉ KNEELING BEFORE ONE OF THE CURIOUS FIGURES CARVED BY HIMSELF.

3. ROCKS CARVED WITH FANTASTIC FIGURES BY THE ABBÉ.

4. GREAT RECUMBENT FIGURES CUT ON THE ROCKS BY THE ABBÉ.

The Abbé Fouré lives the life of a hermit at Rothéneuf, Brittany. His little house and his garden are behind a roughly battlemented wall, and at various places on this are cut fantastic figures. Other examples of the Abbé's work, which illustrates, among other things, the legends of Brittany, Russia, and Japan, are seen on the rocks about Rothéneuf.

Both the hermit-priest's home and his sculpture can be seen by the public, the Abbé merely requesting in return a donation for the benefit of the poor.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(B. E. F. S. (Monocle))

The Balance-Sheet of the Gaiety.

The margin title is no cryptic, Ruskinian, allusive sort of thing, but a plain reference to the fact that the Gaiety Theatre has just published its annual accounts. Lovers of our national drama and British music, and all those who joy in bright, sweet, wholesome merriment will be glad to learn that all goes well with the Gaiety. During the year that has passed there have been groans in theatredom, ventures of great pith and enterprise have fallen flat, failures have been known where once the word "failure" was never uttered, but the Gaiety pays 20 per cent. Those obnoxious creatures—sexless women and unsexed men—who profess to strive for what they describe as an intellectual drama, and in reality appear to crave for mere exhibitions of the immoral, have been chuckling over the idea that this year the so-called "new" drama has triumphed over what they malignantly term the commercial theatre. How they will gnash their ghoulish teeth when they learn that the shareholders of the palace where the sacred lamp of burlesque still burns brightly will receive no less a dividend than five bob in the pound on their shares. Here will be a shock to the pessimists who talk of the decadence of our native drama. It is a balance-sheet at which Mr. Lloyd-George might cast an envious glance. Receipts £95,187 5s. 5d. I am a little puzzled by the 5d.; perhaps it is connected with the catering department. Think of that!—of receipts of £1830 10s. 5½d. a week when your expenses are £970, within a few shillings; and no more. Of course, depreciation and things of that sort have to be taken into account, but there remains a comfortable divisible sum of £23,966 9s. 3d.

The State of the Theatres.

How strange it seems that there should be murmurs about the theatres being killed by the music-halls when the Gaiety enjoys such a year, although its patrons may not smoke or drink in the auditorium. One can hardly complain of unfair competition in such a case—

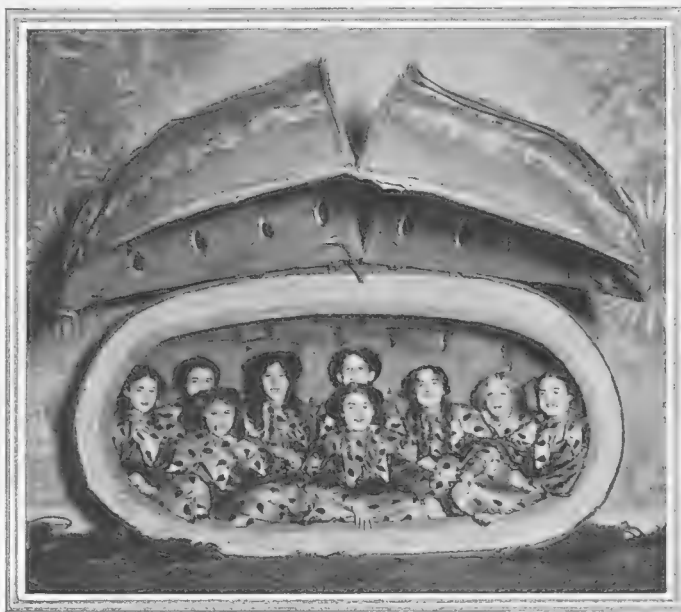
performances, I always enjoy them quite as much as on the first night, and this is not the case with some of the works that stick in the memory. £1830 10s. 5½d. of receipts per week! Why, I believe it exceeds the whole annual revenue of the Incorporated Stage Society, which officiously produces plays banned by the Censor. The Gaiety has no trouble, I understand, with the much-

abused official, for in that cheerful place of simple merriment no grave questions of morality are raised. Outsiders did, I believe, complain of "The Spring Chicken"—indeed, I fancy that Mr. W. T. Stead denounced it terribly; but his curse had no greater effect than the curse immortalised in "The Ingoldsby Legends." What does it matter if he and strenuous people raved and demanded the head of Mr. Redford?—the license was granted. For, of course, the play was all right—we all knew that certain things in it might mean something else; but so long as you do not say what you mean, so long as you merely make fun of matters of morality, no difficult questions are raised.

The Serious Side.

There may be another side—a feeling of doubt whether the outlook for drama is healthy when the playhouse which admittedly produces the most elementary form of musico-dramatic entertainment given in the West End theatres

can take, on an average, £1830 10s. 5½d. a week during a period disastrous to many, perhaps most, of the theatres. I do not mean to disparage the Gaiety in saying this, to deny the talent of such prodigious favourites as Mr. Edmund Payne and Miss Gertie Millar, or the cleverness of the concoctors of the music and the books, or of the ingenious people who produce the plays; but to think of yearly receipts of more than £95,000 for an entertainment of this kind—the best of its kind, no doubt, in the world—when money cannot be found for serious theatrical enterprise is a little trying. Yet it will be answered that £970 a week of expenses is a very large sum, and that there ought to be a ratio between the expenditure and the receipts,



PEACHES IN A MELON: THE WATER-MELON GIRLS, WHO ARE APPEARING AT THE PALACE.

Photograph by Grahame, Ellery, and Co.



THE WATER-MELON GIRLS: THE NEW DANCERS FROM AMERICA.

Photograph by Grahame, Ellery, and Co.

unless it be the halls that complain that the Gaiety entertainments are not quite legitimate drama: a complaint the injustice of which would be admitted by almost anybody. For "Our Miss Gibbs" has a plot, and so had its predecessor, whatever it was, for the beauty to me of the Gaiety pieces is that I never have any trouble in forgetting them. If I have to go to thousandth

and that the 20 per cent. dividend is not excessive. Who will deny this? After all, the man in the street cares nothing about serious drama; he wants to be amused at the least possible cost to his brains, and one merely sees from the prosperity of the Gaiety that his taste changes slowly and shows little tendency to exhibit curiosity about drama.

COOL COSTUMES: JUST THE DRESS FOR THE SUMMER.

SCENES AT A FAMOUS BATHING ESTABLISHMENT ON THE DANUBE.



1. THE DRESS PARADE.

2. REFRESHMENTS AFTER THE BATH.

During the hot weather that we have enjoyed recently, and may perhaps enjoy again before August is out, it would be extremely pleasant to be able to adopt the kind of costume shown in these photographs, taken at a famous bathing establishment on the Danube. Neither our river nor our climate, however, not to speak of our municipal authorities, would quite lend themselves to such an agreeable form of summer fashion. Possibly Mr. Winston Churchill had some such dress in mind when he appeared in the House the other night (aroused from slumber, perhaps, for a division) in a lounge suit with, apparently, only pink pyjamas underneath.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

News Indeed.

In view of the opening of the British Association conference at Winnipeg, one may be pardoned, perhaps, for recalling a story of the visit of this august body to Montreal. It was a specially notable occasion, for never before had it met outside the United Kingdom. It was felt that something of exceptional interest ought to happen to make the occasion memorable, and something did. The President of the Natural History section got a cable announcing the illness of his son in England, and wired for full particulars, then started on a journey to which he was pledged. When he returned to Montreal for an important session, there he found a cable waiting. This, then, he thought, must be the bulletin concerning his son. He opened it and read: "*The Duck-billed Platypus is oviparous!*" Excursions and alarms, and wild jubilation of the naturalists. The Royal Society had sent a scientist to Australia specially to study the habits of that strange animal, Ornithorhynchus paradoxus, and he, finding that it really does lay eggs like a barn-door hen, had cabled the discovery straight to the British Association.

Sable Sherlocks.

There should be no difficulty in tracing the murderers of the police who have been beaten to death in the Indian village of Hardoi. The Indian trackers are marvels of detective ability. They have their own methods, but they get there. The trackers follow a trail through the myriad impressions of a village street. They take dimensions with a couple of twigs; and where their own boundaries end, they hand on the description, with the measuring twigs, to the trackers of the next village, by whom the hunt is continued. It is the sort of evidence that one would not care to hang a dog on here; but it is old in native India, and successful. In one case, three robber horsemen were tracked for thirty hours in this way, through bad and sandy roads. The trail was once completely lost, but picked up again, and in the village to which the sleuth-hounds eventually came, there were the men, with their booty with them.

Close Quarters.

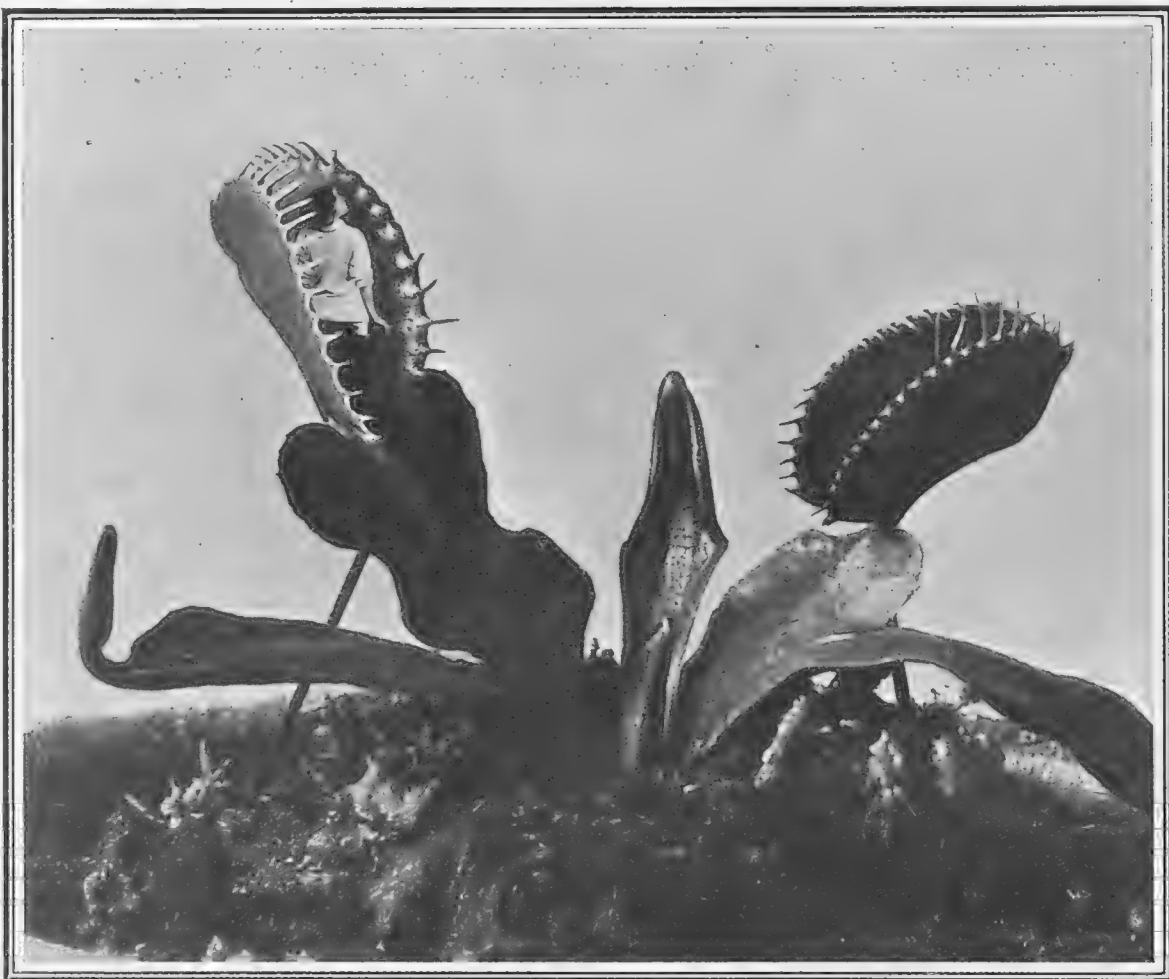
The new plan upon which the Red Cross Nursing Association is to be organised for time of war, if it works as well as is hoped, will give great satisfaction to all interested. The value of the work of these heroic women in war has long been privately recognised, though it took official England some time to make up its mind to accept them. One of the staunchest champions of women nurses in military operations is Lady Roberts, who saw their good work out in India, long before the South African War made Army nursing a popular pursuit of an hour. During a campaign in India she had full

opportunity of observing the good work of the Nursing Sisters at the base of operations. Nothing could be finer than the work they did. "Really," said the famous General's wife, "I think the Sisters deserve a medal for this campaign as much as anyone, and I hope they will get one." "I don't know about a medal," replied a facetious and gallant Colonel who was in attendance, "but they are sure, at all events, of plenty of *clasps!*"

The Antidote.

The Australian member of Parliament who has just achieved a record by speaking in the Melbourne House of Representatives for nine hours must be watched. Some future Opposition might be introducing him into our Parliament to spur Sir Frederick Banbury to greater efforts. Of course, there are men in the present Parliament who can

thoroughly test the endurance of the House without taking nine hours over it; time is not the only thing which tries. There always have been such. The good Sir George Lewis, whom Parliamentarians of an earlier generation knew, could subdue the House as well as most men. One night he delivered himself of one of his most uninspired, most wooden orations, which made men yawn till their jaws cracked. The moment Lewis resumed his seat, Bernal Osborne was on his feet like a flash. "Let me beg of honourable members," he said, with mock earnestness, "not to



IF THE PLANT-EATERS GREW TO BE MAN-EATERS: CAUGHT IN A VENUS FLY-TRAP.

The leaves of this plant close like a trap when a fly settles on them. For further explanation of this illustration we would refer our readers to four pages in our Supplement.—[Photograph by Bastin.]

be hurried away by the exciting eloquence of the right hon. gentleman who has just sat down." There was a roar of delighted laughter, and to the credit of Sir George let it be added that his laugh was loudest and longest.

Doing It Handsomely.

The Territorial camps have been very busy and workmanlike, but it cannot be said that they have been exactly picturesque. Of course, they are none the less soldierly for lacking colour; when it comes to war we clap everybody into khaki and daub the guns with paint. But for the lass that loves a soldier it must be sad to see gay hues go, and the baked-clay tone of the uniforms take their place. They manage these things, not better, but, let us say, differently, in Baroda. There the ruler has, or had, the nicest way of equipping his army. Among the pretty things was a battery of solid silver guns and a regiment of natives in Highland costume. The worst of it was, there seemed something dicky about the black knees of the men showing beneath the kilt. Came the ruler to the rescue: he popped every man of them into pink tights, and the knees of his men would have made a Highlandman's heart ache with envy.

THEN HE STRUCK ONE.



THE VERY TALKATIVE GUEST (*helping himself to another cigar*): I feel reg'larly wound up to-night.
THE BORED HOST: Good. Perhaps you'll go in a minute.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



Wigs Upon— Her Sleeve.

believes that similar "moving incidents" never occur in the case of stars of the lyric stage. The supposition is, however, quite incorrect, as the following incident in the career of Mlle. Zélie de Lussan attests.

No one will need reminding that she has been singing Carmen in English with the Moody-Manners company, at the Lyric Theatre, as she has previously played it in the Grand Opera-houses of most of the chief cities of the world. She has now given over seven hundred and eighty performances of this part, in which her verve, her abandon, her temperament, as well as her vocal and histrionic gifts have been extolled by all the leading critics; and she has had, altogether, fifty-five different tenors associated with her as Don José. One of them was a very bald man, who, naturally, made up for his deficiencies by a beautiful wig. One night, in the last act, as Carmen made her exit through the curtains leading to the bull-ring, and the tenor followed her, some buttons and hooks in the sleeve of the bolero she was wearing caught in his wig, and, before she was aware of the fact, she had taken it off his head. The tenor begged her to stand still while he disengaged his property, which hung like a scalp from her wrist. There was no mirror handy, and the tenor had to put the wig on as well as he could. Unfortunately, however, as well as he could was not very well. True, it was not on hind-part before, but the back was perilously near the side, and his appearance was therefore decidedly grotesque. So, at all events, the audience found as he made his re-appearance on the stage, for they tittered audibly, and then burst out laughing. The situation, as every opera-goer knows, is a tragic one. On that occasion the tragedy was heightened for one man, at any rate, on the stage. It is interesting to recall the fact that it was with Mlle. de Lussan that M. Jean de Reszke made his first appearance in "Carmen." It was at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, and Mme. Melba was the Micaela, and M. Lassalle the Escamillo.

The Only Hit the Actress Doesn't Like. The utilitarian aspect of a beautiful head of hair does not enter into many people's admiration, but it is a valuable one for all that, as is shown by an incident in the career of Miss Xenia Greville-Moore, who plays the ill-fated dancer, Consuelo Marques, in Mr. Harding Cox's weird sketch, "The Fatal Dance," and Mrs. Brutus P. Streak

It is a curious fact that the average playgoer, accustomed to the recital of humorous episodes in the lives of his favourite actors and actresses, believes that similar "moving incidents" never occur in the case of stars of the lyric stage. The supposition is, however, quite incorrect,

in "The Pin and the Pudding," with which the Comedy Theatre opened on Monday evening. As a child, she was a typical madcap, absolutely ignorant of anything like fear. One day, she saw a pony quietly grazing in a field in which she was walking. Without a moment's hesitation, she dashed up to it,

caught it, and jumped on its back. It was a high-spirited little pony, and started off at a gallop. Most children would have been thrown, but Miss Greville Moore could ride far better than the ordinary child. She stuck on, holding on to the neck of the pony, which dashed headlong for the shed in which it had been stabled. The entrance was low, and as the horse entered, the child's head struck against a beam with such violence that she was thrown to the ground in an unconscious condition. It was happily found, however, that she was suffering only from a slight concussion of the brain, due to the fact

that her exceedingly thick hair had acted as a buffer against the hard beam.

"An Artist and a Gentleman."

Actors sometimes hear curious things about the stage which, it is to be hoped, are not to be taken literally. An amusing instance of this happened to Mr. Eric Mayne, who, since the Lyceum opened under the management of Mr. Henry R. Smith and Mr. Ernest Carpenter, has enjoyed the almost nightly distinction of being hissed by the audience—a compliment to the excellence of his performance of the villain of the various plays which have been produced there.

During his last visit to Dublin, he made the acquaintance of a retired Army officer who was staying at the same hotel. Every day, at lunch and in the smoking-room, they discussed the affairs of the nation in general and of Ireland in particular. Theatrical matters, however, were never mentioned, and, somehow, the officer seemed to take it for granted that Mr. Mayne was in Dublin on a pleasure trip. One morning, towards the end of the week, however, a member of the company went into the smoking-room and asked Mr. Mayne to play in a cricket match that day. To ensure Mr. Mayne's acquiescence, he said, in the course of conversation, "We don't want anyone in the team except actors." The retired Army officer looked up at Mr. Mayne, "I beg your pardon," he said, "but do I understand you're connected with the theatre?" "I am," replied Mr. Mayne. "An actor?" said the officer. "Yes," said Mr. Mayne. "Now, that's strange," exclaimed the officer; "all the week I've been thinking you were a gentleman!"



WHY THE CAMELS DO NOT LOSE THEIR HUMPS: A FAIR VARIETY ARTISTE AND HER NOVEL SWING.



SALOME, THE MAN: MR. JULIAN ELTINGE AS THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS. Our photograph shows Mr. Eltinge in one of his famous female impersonations.—[Photograph by White.]

HOURS : 11 — 4.30.



THE FACETIOUS STRANGER: Hello, what's on?

THE MAN AT THE GATE: Cricket match, Sir. The Old Boys are playing the gents from the Dental College.

THE FACETIOUS STRANGER: Really—and when do they draw stumps?

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

Holiday Reading. Much as I like you, reader, I am not particularly anxious to talk to you at the present moment, being a thousand miles away from England, in a country new to me, and with a mind neither lounging, nor—thank heaven!—literary. But I can't bear the idea of your missing your weekly assistance to culture and right thinking, and all that. So we will have our little literary talk, and you will forgive me if at any moment I seem absent-minded. What is your holiday reading? The lightest of light novels and the least intelligent of the magazines? I hope not, not because I am a prig, but because I disapprove of the idea, which seems to be generally prevalent, that in holiday time even people who at other times read comparative sense must read comparative drivel. Why on earth should they? The idea, I suppose, is founded on the necessity for complete rest of mind and body. Personally, I never found that reading a silly story rested my mind in the least. I am aware, however, that with many men it is otherwise: that there are men whose professional lives involve great mental activity and who confess that, when their working day is over, they have no energy left for serious reading and want nothing but adventures, detective stories, and the like. Even with these, though I understand it as regards the working day, I should have thought that on a holiday and after a week or so's idleness their minds would be bored without a little activity. But most of us are not men of great mental energy, and our businesses are mostly of a kind which require little real thought, are chiefly matters of quasi-mechanical routine. And I should think a holiday was precisely the opportunity for humanising ourselves by a course of really thoughtful and knowledgeable books. What do I do? That is not the point; the value of a precept is independent of the practice of the preceptor. Besides, people like me, poor devils, don't have any holidays because they don't have any regular work. If one means simply by a holiday going to a foreign place or to other people's houses, I confess that my ideal holiday is so full of interest, local or personal, that I don't want to read anything at all. But then reading is my business, and I hope is not yours. The conclusion is that the best holiday reading, at any rate for literary people, is none at all, and that people who are not literary, and have time at last for using their brains in an unusual way, do wrong to waste that time on nonsense. The "for holiday reading" lists are generally rubbish.

Books for the Train.

Here again I don't profess that my example equals my precept. There used to be an old ribald song of my youth with the refrain, "Don't you do what the parson does, but do what the parson says." I always forget to take a book for the train, and fall back on a bundle of newspapers which repeat one another. That is the very

worst reading for the train. Sometimes, of course, one really needs nothing, as when one is going through a country for the first time, as I was the other day: it would have been stupid to the last degree to read as long as one could see out of the window; and even after that there was novelty enough in the experience to keep one occupied. But going through a familiar country and being bored, one wants to read, and what? I don't believe in newspapers, or in scrappy magazines. It is impossible to read them all through—let us say because they "cater" for many different sorts of people—

and the story or article which interests oneself hardly lasts between two stations. It must be something long and continuous, and something to hold one's attention without requiring it to be really alert, since it is so easy to be distracted. A book of adventure or intrigue is indicated, but I find very few of the contemporary ones equal to keeping my attention from a cow or a sheep in a passing field. The reason is that, as a rule, the whole affair is so obviously made up; one gets no illusion of reality. A hero may jump out of four-storey windows or fight ten men at once till he is black in the face, but if I don't believe in him I would rather try to see the label on a fellow-traveller's bag than follow the confounded adventures. . . . I recommend, from my own experience when I have been thoughtful enough to take a book, some old favourite one has not read for a long time. It requires no effort of understanding, since that was made long ago, and one's attention is well held by the pleasure of recognising old friends and favourite scenes as they come along. For my next long journey I shall take "Harry Richmond"—if I only remember.

Selfishness Triumphant.

I wish I had kept for the train a novel I was given to read before I started—"The Waking Hour," by Harold Wintle (Fisher Unwin). It made me really curious to see what was going to happen. The central figure is a strong and beautiful woman of illimitable selfishness and hardness of heart. She *must* have been beautiful, for she attracted everybody, and certainly had no other charm; she was always saying something "scornfully" or "contemptuously," and was generally, I should have thought, a most unpleasant person. But somehow she is interesting, and as she goes on from selfishness to selfishness, I wondered how far she would be allowed to go. Well, Mr. Wintle has the courage to defy the ordinary custom. In any other novel she would have been "softened" or else defeated, whereas in this, after she has driven one man to suicide and nearly killed a female friend by her temper, she marries the local duke and ends in triumph. I was rather glad; her selfishness was so distinguished, and one is left with the chance of a sequel, which I hope the author will write. He knows how to keep the interest strong. There is an attractive mystical suggestion running through the book, and he is capital in hunting and shooting scenes.—N. O. I.

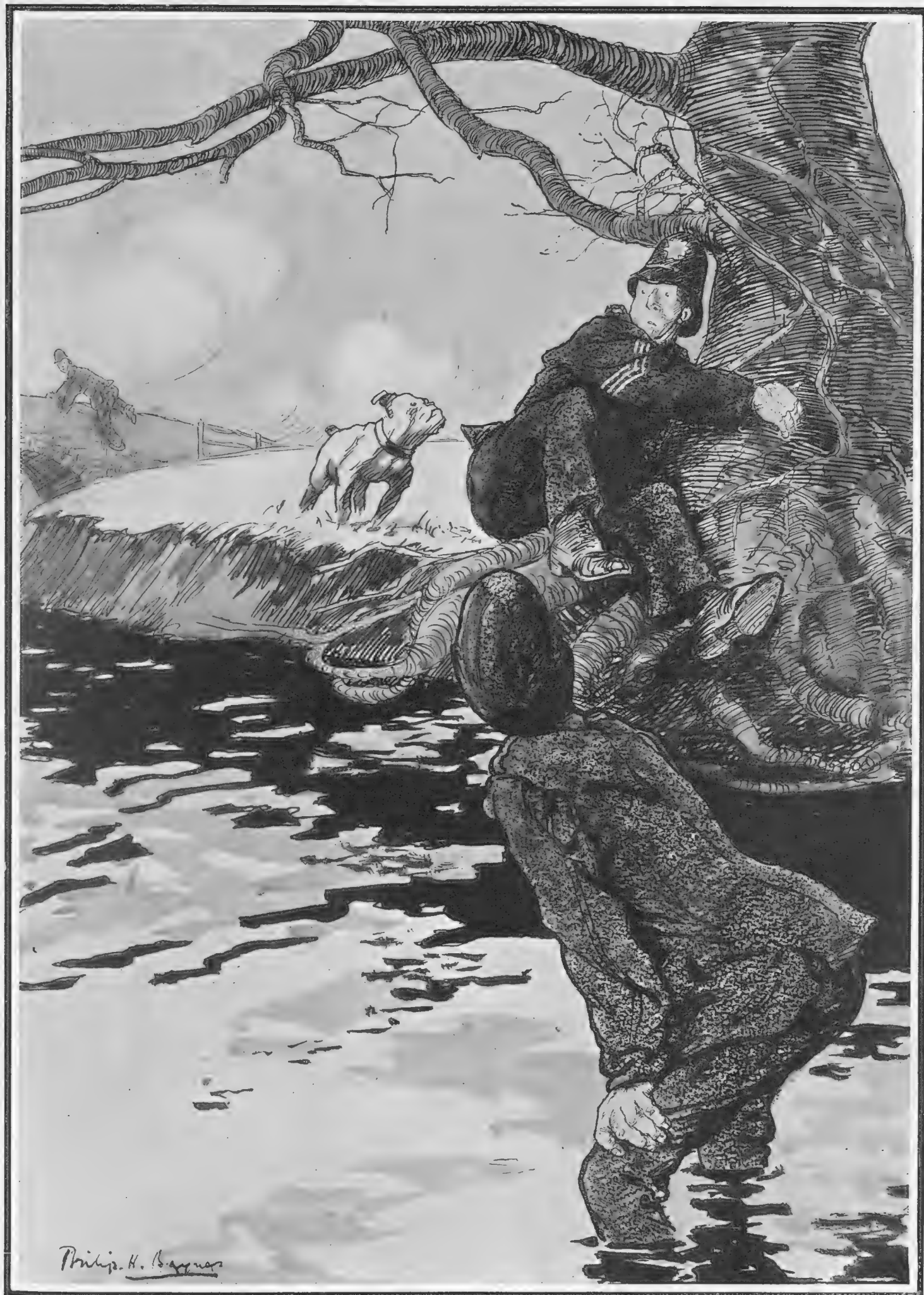


OF GREAT ASSISTANCE TO BEGINNERS.

The patent surprise-hole, an inducement to beginners to practise putting. The weight of the ball releases the spring with great effect.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.

PICK AND CHEWS.



THE P.C. IN THE WATER: 'Ere, come back, you! 'E may like to 'ave 'is pick.

DRAWN BY PHILIP H. BAYNES

Two Novels in a Nutshell.

FOR EVER.

By LOUISE HEILGERS.

"I LOVE you," said the man.
 "And I you," said the woman.
 Their lips met.

A little stream laughed softly to itself as it hurried by. A wakeful sparrow in the ivy giggled tersely. Even the big white moon peeping over the tree-tops smiled placidly.

"For ever," said the man.

"For ever," said the woman.

"Alas!" sighed the river.

"Such nonsense!" muttered the sparrow, and went to sleep. A little cloud wiped the smile from the moon. Nothing, not even love, lasts for ever.

"What you can see in me!" whispered the man. "Just a poor devil who has to work for a living; whilst you—you beautiful thing!" He swept her up against him with sudden passion. "Oh, the lips, and the hair, and the eyes of you, girl!"—he kissed each in turn. "God knows I have nothing to offer you," he added sadly, "but—"

"But love," said the girl softly, with shining eyes.

"—and a cottage," finished the man. "Ah! why wasn't I born rich, dear, so that I could have given you—"

"—diamonds instead of stars," interrupted the girl. "You know you told me, just now, they all belonged to me."

"Your people would rather I presented you with a diamond necklace than all the stars in the world," retorted the man bluntly. "You see, you can't realise on stars any more than you can on dreams. Diamonds are solid things, my dear, you can hold in your hand. And I'd sooner you rode in a Daimler than in a motor-bus. I'd love to give you all the good things of the world, Madge. Sables, now; you'd look well in sables. But as it is—"

"We must be happy even if I have to wear rabbit-skins for furs and stars for jewels," laughed the girl. "Money isn't everything."

"No, but it means a good deal," he answered.

"Does it?" asked the girl wistfully. "Ah, well, I don't care so long as I've got you."

"Darling," whispered the man.

There were pink carnations in the girl's belt. They were pink, but not so pink as her cheeks. They were sweet, but not so sweet as her lips. He found himself suddenly the richest man in the world.

So they married, and the gods lent them a corner of Mount Olympus for their honeymoon; and even when they came down from the clouds and found themselves on solid earth again they were divinely happy in their semi-detached eight-roomed suburban villa ("The Laurels," if you please) for six months. Then the unexpected happened. An uncle of the girl died and left her a hundred thousand pounds. They were to be rich at last. But the man was not pleased. The money was not his. And he didn't want her to be rich at anybody else's expense, only his own. The girl, however, was quite naturally delighted. Of necessity, her love had up to now walked in drab attire, and she was woman enough to think it would look far more attractive gowned by Worth, hatted by Carlier, and jewelled by Tiffany. So that when his discontent clashed with her rapture, she was a little annoyed.

"You always wanted to be rich, and now that you are you seem to be sorry. I can't make you out," she complained.

"I never said I wanted to be a rich woman's husband!" he retorted. "I want to give you the good things of life; I don't want you to give them to me."

"But it's the same thing," she protested.

The man refused to meet the love in her eyes.

"I don't wish you to accept this money." His voice was dogged. "You said yourself once money wasn't everything."

"And you that it meant a great deal," the girl reminded him. "I want to see exactly what it does mean. We can always come back to this—if we don't like it."

"Never!" retorted the man decisively. "We can never come back to anything in life. We must always go forward."

"Why, that's better still, isn't it?" she asked practically. Her glance fell on the lawyer's letter lying open on the table between them, then out through the open window to where, in long golden rows, tall sunflowers stood. She remembered suddenly that only yesterday she had told Jim they were all the gold she needed. But

that was yesterday. And she had been agreeably conscious of a clean and becoming cotton frock. To-day, its folds were creased and tumbled, yet for lack of another she would have to wear it until the end of the week. Sunflowers, alas! couldn't buy her frocks.

A vision of white and gold, a sheen of silk, a froth of tulle, came smiling down the stairs of a house in Green Street. Standing within the study door a man watched her descent with hard, miserable eyes.

As she set a slim, satin-shod foot upon the last stair he stepped forward. "Come in here for a moment. I want to speak to you."

A scent of violets rose from her white shoulders as, faintly protesting, she passed before him into the room. "It can't go on, this life," he found himself telling her savagely. "It's killing, it's degrading—more, it's loathsome!"

"How stupid you are, Jim!" said the woman pettishly. "Every time I see you, you are full of mock heroics. I can't help being rich. You might just as well be sensible and accept the position."

"I'll be hanged if I will!" said the man with sudden energy. "It's come to this, Madge. Either you give up this cursed money or—"

"Yes?" queried the girl coldly—mockingly, it seemed to the man.

"—I go!" he shouted. He had not meant to say this thing. He had really had no definite idea of what he had meant to threaten. But of a sudden he saw himself free of the scented, gorgeous house, and the scented, gorgeous woman who had no share in the home and in the woman of his dreams; free, with his feet set on the open road of life.

"The car is at the door, Madam," announced a discreet footman in discreet livery.

The vision of white and gold finished pulling on her long gloves and rose languidly. "I hope, dear," she said sweetly, over a shoulder shrouded now by a cloak of silver tissue held together by bands of snowy fur, "that, next time I see you, you won't be a Lewis Waller kind of person, working up for a third-act curtain."

As a matter of fact, the next time she saw him he was working as a common labourer down at the docks, for hardly had her electric car whirled her away that night than he slammed the front door behind him and strode into the world in the clothes he stood up in and nothing in his pockets but his pride, for of private means he had none, and at her urgent request he had given up his modest clerkship when they moved into the Green Street house.

The superintendent at the docks where he was working stared when one day an imperious lady in a pale muslin gown and Gainsborough hat swept into his dingy office and asked to see one of the hands.

East and West are so far apart, it seemed difficult to believe this white-skinned, white-gloved, white-frocked woman could have anything in common with one of the labourers. However, he sent for him.

He came sullenly. Both hands outstretched, she went to him.

"Jim, I can't live without you. Come back," she pleaded.

He saw that the months that had swept between them had aged her. He was moved. Some of the bitterness went out of him.

"Not so long as there is this cursed gold between us," he told her. "But get rid of it, and I'll come back to you."

He stretched out two work-roughened hands and gripped her by both shoulders. "I'll work for you, girl. We'll not starve."

But swiftly she recoiled from him. She loved him, yes. But she loved, too, her life of glorious ease, the warmth and the richness and the comfort of it, even the thrill of fine linen against her limbs. She could not give it all up.

His hands fell from her shoulders. "Keep your cursed money," he told her brutally, "but you won't keep me."

Several times she came after that. Always he refused her; finally—"What's the use of your coming?" he asked her bluntly.

[Continued overleaf.]



*The Irish Colleen
who has become "Our Miss Gibbs"
pro tem.*

PLAYING MARY GIBBS AT THE GAIETY IN MISS GERTIE MILLAR'S ABSENCE: MISS OLIVE MAY.

While Miss Gertie Millar is taking a well-deserved holiday, Miss Olive May is playing her part, Miss Gibbs, in "Our Miss Gibbs," and playing it very successfully. Under ordinary circumstances she appears as one of the dainty Irish colleens of the White City as presented at the Gaiety.

Photographs by Rita Martin.

"I don't want you. You only want your money. Besides, it's too late now. There's a girl—" he paused. . . .

Weeping, she fled from the room and sought the superintendent. "Dismiss him," she pleaded, "then he will have to come back to me."

The chief hesitated—his foreman spoke highly of him—but, finally, he gave in.

Long she waited! But he never came!

Three years later, in a beggar in the street who stared hard into her face, she recognised him.

"Jim!" she cried, and held her breath horror-struck.

He turned his bloodshot eyes upon her.

"You—" he said bitterly. "Curse you! I was happy, I was a man again till you had me turned off at the works. Thanks to you, the woman I loved died in misery."

"You are ill," said the woman gently. "Come home and I will nurse you back to health, Jim."

He spat upon the ground. "Home!" he retorted savagely, "I'd sooner rot in the workhouse than come home to you!"

She shrank back, appalled before the hatred in his eyes; one last effort she made.

"Ah, Jim, remember that you once said you would love me for ever," she cried . . . the hot tears stung her eyelids.

No answer he vouchsafed her, only deliberately he put out his hand and put her out of his path as he had done out of his life.

She never saw him again.

Away in a cool country garden the stream still laughs softly to itself, as it hurries by; another sparrow giggles wisely at other people's vows; whilst the same big white moon peeps over the tree-tops and smiles placidly. Nothing, especially love, lasts for ever.

THE FLARE OF THE FOOTLIGHTS.

BY HORACE WYNDHAM.

I.

From Miss Evangeline Wilkinson to Mr. Raymond Fitzclarence, Piccadilly Theatre. Monday.

DEAR SIR,—I hope you won't think me *very* forward, but I feel that I simply *must* write and tell you how much I enjoyed your wonderful performance on Saturday evening in the part of Captain Reginald Debrett. I cried nearly all through the last part of the first act when that horrid Duchess of Greasepaint woman was telling everyone you had stolen the five-pound note, when all the time she had taken it herself to pay her bridge debts with. And then, the way you sang that love song just before the finale with Miss Maudie Mallincourt was simply *thrilling*. I shall go again to-morrow night if possible.—With apologies for troubling you, believe me, dear Mr. Fitzclarence, yours truly,

EVANGELINE WILKINSON.

II.

Tuesday.

DEAR MR. FITZCLARENCE.—You didn't answer my letter. I suppose I oughtn't to have expected you to have done so, and I daresay you are bothered by lots of people writing to congratulate you on your performance. Still, I did hope for one little line, just to say you had got my note,—Yours sincerely,

EVANGELINE WILKINSON.

P.S.—I have opened this to say that, as I wrote from a tea-shop on Monday (it's rather a duck of a place in Bond Street, where they let you write letters if you're a regular customer), perhaps I forgot to put my address on the paper. It is Chatsworth, Clapham Park, S.W.

P.P.S.—Mind you add Clapham Park, because sometimes when my letters are simply addressed "Chatsworth" they go to Derbyshire, where there seems to be another Chatsworth. The post-office people are so silly.

P.P.P.S.—*You*, I suppose, are very grand, and live in Park Lane, at least!

III.

Wednesday.

MY DEAR MR. FITZCLARENCE,—It was *such* a disappointment not to have heard from you to-day. Perhaps you are too fearfully busy, though, and I know that all good-looking actors (oh, whatever will you think of me for saying that!) are always being pestered by thoughtless people writing to them about nothing at all. I meant to have gone to the Piccadilly again last night, to see you once more in "The Smart Set Girl," but something occurred to prevent it at the last moment. I've only seen it once, but a great friend of mine, Millie Watson, has been forty-seven times! We're going again together some evening.—With all good wishes, believe me, yours very sincerely,

EVANGELINE W.

IV.

Thursday.

I waited at home for the postman all day long yesterday, but he brought nothing for me—at least, nothing that I wanted. You can't think how anxious I am to know if my little letter has reached you safely or not. To console myself I've just been reading the illustrated interview with you in this week's *Footlight Bits*. I don't think it's nearly good enough. But, then, it was written by a man! I see you are going to sing next month at the bazaar which is being got up in aid of the Society for Benefiting Ballet Girls. I think it's so noble of you to give up your time to this, and I shall certainly buy a ticket for it.—With kind regards, always sincerely yours,

E. W.

P.S.—I wonder if you'll recognise me? I shall be wearing a white-silk blouse, with lace insertion, and a picture hat. My gentlemen friends tell me I look rather nice in it!

V.

Friday.

Still no letter! It makes me think I must have vexed you—quite unintentionally, of course.

My friend, Miss Millie Watson, has just shown me a new picture-postcard of you. I've ordered half-a-dozen, although I don't think it does you justice at all. And it's not a bit like you as you appear on the stage, either. Perhaps the costume makes the difference, though. Ever since Saturday evening I've been thinking of the way you sang that song, "True Love Lasts for Aye!" in the Earl's Court Scene. The people next door have a gramophone, and this afternoon they were trying it with your song. By the way, did I mention how becoming naval uniform is to you? I heard a man say that a naval officer wouldn't dream of going to the Earl's Court Exhibition in full dress, but he doesn't know anything about it. I very nearly told him so, only it was in a 'bus, and the man was a stranger. I think it's a shame the way people sneer at the Stage.—Always most sincerely yours,

E. W.

VI.

Saturday.

Just a hurried line to say I went to the Piccadilly again last night. I couldn't see very well, as I was in the second row of the upper boxes this time, but I thought *you* were acting better than ever. That new song of yours, with the refrain, "Dear heart, dear heart, let us kiss and part!" nearly made me cry—it was so sad. What a forward person that Miss Maudie Mallincourt must be! The way she squeezed your hand in the duet, "Chase Me, Girls!" was not at all ladylike. And such a silly, vulgar song, too! Several people have made the same remark to me, so, you see, I'm not alone in my opinion. To-morrow is Sunday. Perhaps you will have time to write just a few words to,—Your devoted admirer and constant well-wisher,

EVANGELINE.

VII.

Sunday.

DEAR MR. FITZCLARENCE,—I have just read the most *extraordinary* announcement in the "Stage Cackle" column of *Footlight Bits*. It is really so absurd that I feel I *must* copy it out at once and send it to you. This is what it says: "Mr. Raymond Fitzclarence, who, owing to indisposition, has been out of the cast of 'The Smart Set Girl' at the Piccadilly Theatre for the last fortnight, rejoins the company to-morrow. During Mr. F.'s temporary absence, his part has been sustained by Mr. Charles Higgins, his understudy. We understand that some new verses are to be introduced into the duet, 'Chase Me, Girls!' which Mr. Fitzclarence (who, by the way, has written and composed this delightful number) sings with Miss Maudie Mallincourt. We congratulate this clever and deservedly popular young lady on her talented husband's return to the scene of his triumphs." I really don't know *what* to think of it all, but would you *please* send me just one line to say whether it's true or not? I shan't be able to rest until I hear.—Yours anxiously,

EVANGELINE WILKINSON.

VIII.

Please wire reply.—E. WILKINSON.

IX.

Telegram from Mr. Raymond Fitzclarence, Balmoral, Avenue Road, Brixton, to Miss Evangeline Wilkinson, Chatsworth, Clapham Park, S.W.—

Quite true.—RAYMOND FITZCLARENCE.

THE END.

SALT; FISH: CATCHES, BRINY AND FRESH.



1. DESIGNED FOR THE TABLE: PLOUGHING SALT IN THE SALTON SINK.

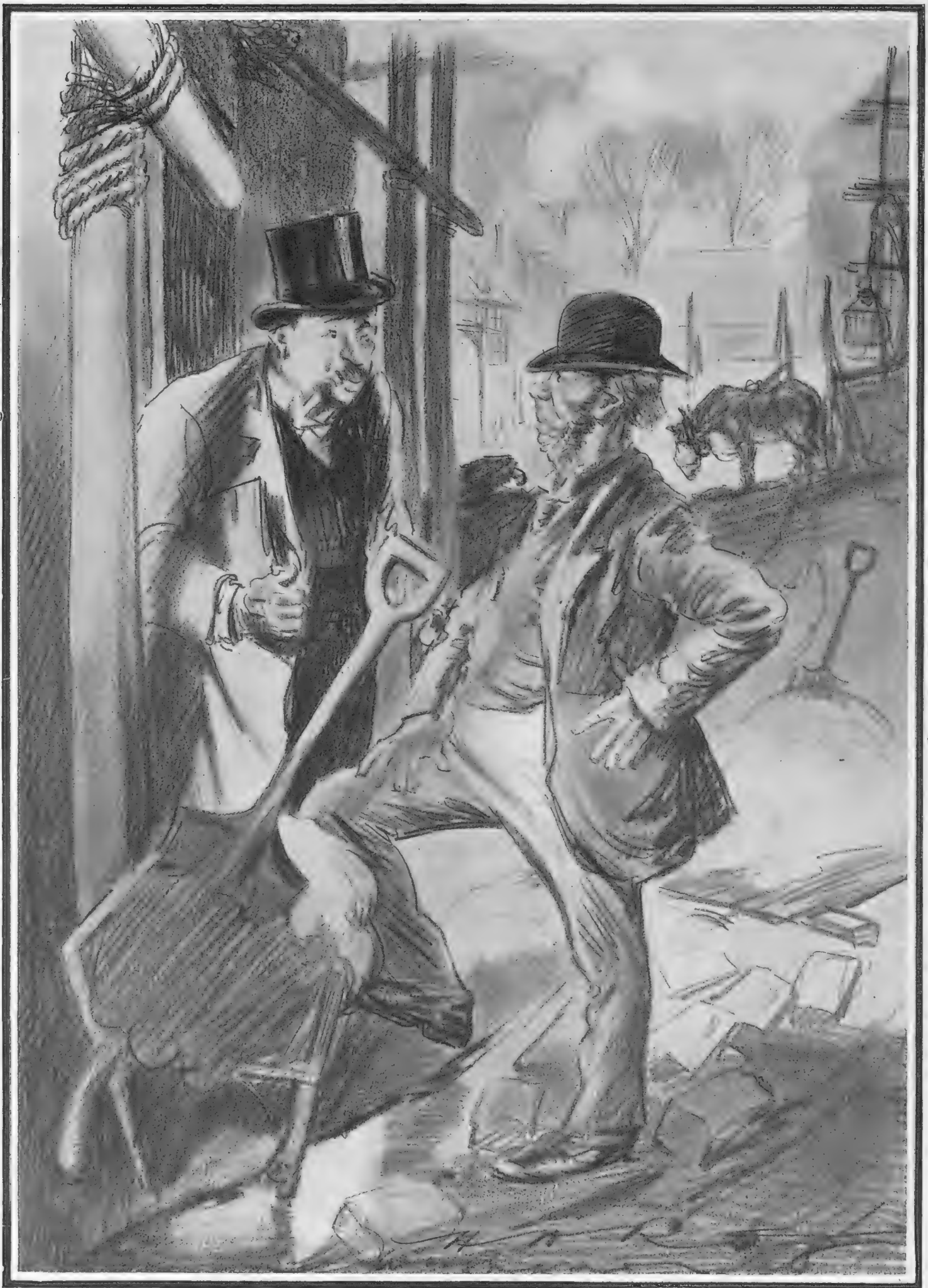
The salt-field at Salton Sink, Southern California, covers about a thousand acres, but has been submerged by the overflow of the Colorado River, and is now 268 feet below the level of the sea.

2. ACCIDENTALLY FOR THE TABLE: THOUSANDS OF FISH STRANDED AT KELSEY CREEK.

The sudden falling of the waters of Kelsey Creek, near Lakepool, California—an occurrence that is by no means unusual—left this myriad of fish stranded. The creek runs into Clear Lake, a body of fresh water that is twenty-eight miles long and eight or nine miles wide.

Photographs by Putnam and Valentine and Meddaugh.

THE NEW BROOM SWEEPING CLEAN.



THE BUILDER (*to the new foreman*): Well, Tim, getting on all right? Where are all the hands?
THE FOREMAN: Sure, I've sacked 'em all, to show 'em who's foreman now.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

CELEBRITIES have fairly abounded on the Atlantic during the last few weeks. The Duke of Newcastle has gone, alone, to New York, remembering that his grandfather was in America with King Edward VII. fifty years ago; Lord Strathcona, looking as hale as "Dr. W. G.," and with the consciousness that he has made more guineas than a cricketer has ever made runs; has reached Canada in at least as high spirits as the two grandsons he took with him; and Lord Wenlock, with a liner-full of scientists, reached the Dominion about the same time. But of all journeys, present and projected, the most appreciated is the Prince of Wales's to South Africa. The Prince himself is in high feather over the plan, for it is his pleasure to travel, and a mission that might be irksome to another is a smiling matter to him, so long as it does not fall at a time when he might be shooting grouse in Scotland.



EAGER TO PROTECT CHILDREN FROM THE DANGERS OF THE ROAD: MRS. CARL MEYER.

Mrs. Meyer has started an open-air holiday school at her country house in Essex, with the object of keeping children from playing in the roads.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

From Coast to Post.

Sir Matthew Nathan's appointment as Governor of the Gold Coast was the first instance of a Jew's having lifted the burden of a Colonial Governorship from British shoulders. Rome has not been so slow to give the reins to a Nathan, and the present Mayor of the Eternal City bears that name, and speaks English better than he speaks Italian. Men of Sir Matthew's

guitar upon that terrace with a panoramic view, ever forget the sound of it reaching towards the sunset. There are other things to be remembered at Poggio Gherardo: the marvellous Italian dishes—and Italian Old Masters; the vermouth bearing the villa's own label, the olive-trees, and the olives. It is no wonder that John Addington Symonds was inspired to write when he stayed there, nor that Mrs. Ross herself has written with such distinction of style on Italian men and things—including cooks and cooking. The confections of Lady Duff-Gordon in Hanover Square are of quite another order; and the association of the two ladies reminds one once more of the witty description of the modern woman, whose body is "a battleground between her corset-maker and her cook."



"Lady Jocelyn's" Daughter.

Mrs. Janet Ross is herself the daughter of that bygone Lady Duff-Gordon to whose letters from Egypt Meredith wrote an introduction. The Lady Jocelyn of "Evan Harrington" is one of the few authenticated portraits in the Meredith gallery, the novelist having himself testified that she was drawn from the mother of the lady of Poggio Gherardo. On the approach of her last illness the famous Lady Duff-Gordon sought the desert and

WIFE OF THE POPULAR FIFTH BARONET: LADY EDMONSTONE.

Lady Edmonstone, whose marriage took place in 1895, seven years after her husband succeeded his father in the title, was Ida Agnes, daughter of the late George Stewart Forbes.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

illness the famous Lady Duff-Gordon sought the desert and an alien people, and died in such loneliness as would have terrified the average Englishwoman in robust health and spirits.

The Book of Words.

Princess Pless, we know, has a contralto of which the rumour has often reached from Mr. de Rothschild's parties to Covent Garden; and now the Duke of Argyll has been writing, not the music, but the words, of an opera. It is the second time that he has essayed a libretto; the first was for "Diarmid," produced in London, and with this the Duke, and other people, were so well pleased that he has always been keen to use his pen again in conjunction with a composer. The music of the opera that he has now completed is by Leamont Drysdale, a Scotsman, and the librettist is anxious to see the piece performed at some fairly early date.

and the present Mayor of the Eternal City bears that name, and speaks English better than he speaks Italian. Men of Sir Matthew's faith are apt to find their gold coasts nearer home than Africa; and London, like Rome, has, of course, never found any difficulty in choosing her Lord Mayors from among them. The first thing about Sir Matthew to strike one is his ability, and this he now carries with him as Secretary to the Post Office, thereby creating a new precedent as to the posts that may be held by Jews.

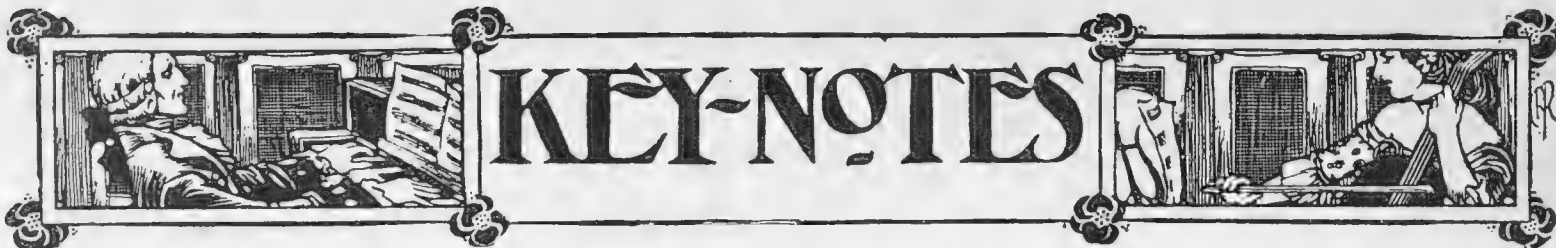
Cooks and Corsets.

Mrs. Janet Ross, whose friends must generally seek her at Poggio Gherardo, outside Florence, has been in London during these last days with her relative, Lady Duff-Gordon. Poggio Gherardo, the divine villa, the garden, and the view over Florence down the Arno are things not to be forgotten; nor do her guests, if they have persuaded their hostess to play her



FLIGHTY WOMAN! LADIES WHO ARE DEVOTED TO AVIATION.

We illustrate some of the women pioneers of aviation, a band of plucky ladies who are continually receiving additions to their strength. From left to right are shown Mmes. Surcouf, Blériot, Airault, Thérèse Peltier, Max Vincent, Hart O. Berg, Savignac, and Desfossés-Dalloz.



Dr. Joachim's Legacy.

One of the most interesting series of concerts yet arranged for the autumn season is that of the Classical Concert Society. The society was born of the Joachim Concerts Committee, which itself sought to develop and carry on the great work that Joachim started forty years ago in Berlin, and introduced much later into London. The interpretation of chamber music was probably the ruling passion of Dr. Joachim's life. He had the true reverence for the composer's intentions that separates great interpreters from mere virtuosi, and the high standard by which we in this country judge chamber music to-day was undoubtedly established by Dr. Joachim. It is well to keep his memory green, to continue the work upon which his heart was set, and to live up to the ideals he set before musicians. The Classical Concerts Society, under the direction of Sir Frederick Pollock and Messrs. Gerald Balfour, Douglas Freshfield, F. S. Kelly, and Edward Speyer, is clearly determined to give concerts that, whether they be judged by the programmes set out or the artists engaged to interpret the programmes, are worthy of the Joachim tradition.

The Classical Concert Society.

The first concert of the society will be given on the afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 13, and the others will be held on succeeding Wednesdays, in the evening and afternoon alternately. The season will close on Wednesday evening, Dec. 15. The composers selected in the order of the prominence given to their work are Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Haydn, and Dvorák. Many of the artists engaged are among the finest players before the public. The violinists include Lady Hallé, Madame Marie Soldat, and Mr. Karl Klingler; the violaplayers include Mr. Alfred Hobday and Mr. Frank Bridge. Mr. M. Gomez will play the clarinet, Mr. A. Borsdorf the horn, and Mr. S. F. James the bassoon. Among the cellists is Señor Pablo Casals, who has a host of admirers in the best cultivated musical circles of his own country—Spain. The pianists engaged are Miss Fanny Davies, Mr. Leonard Borwick, and Mr. Donald Francis Tovey, and the vocalists are George Henschel and Mme. Anna Noordevier.

The Promenade Concerts.

Neither changing times nor varying seasons avail to diminish the popularity of the Promenade Concerts, and although the Queen's Hall is by no means an ideal place for such entertainment, the promenade being often unpleasantly hot and

so packed that its name becomes a misnomer, nobody complains—indeed, everybody is pleased. On the opening night the audience seemed to have a large measure of enthusiasm to dispose of before it could settle down. Mr. Henry Wood and the new leader of the violins came in for special greeting, and it only required the National Anthem to set the seal of another season upon the proceedings. This performed, the house composed itself to listen with keen appreciation and attention to the varied programme, and to enjoy the fine playing of Mr. Wood's orchestra, whose members seemed to be all the better for their brief holiday. It must require no little vigour and determination to play for two hours or more in a crowded hall, not too well ventilated, in the full blast of mid-August heat, but it is fair to say that there was no slackening at any point. The programme set out for the long season that will run well into October has not escaped criticism. It is pointed out that some of the great symphony-writers are not represented, and that the programme is composed too largely of things everybody has heard over and over again. The fact that such works are still in the programme does but testify to their sustained popularity—there is another side of the programmes that

is far more open to criticism. Reference will be made to it in due course.

The Moody- Manners Company.

A series of well-thought-out performances at the Lyric Theatre has served already to please Mr. Charles Manners' ever-growing body of supporters in town. Although a manager who takes opera all over the United Kingdom and into theatres of various shapes and sizes cannot hope to mount his repertoire as lavishly as the directors of a great house devoted entirely to grand opera, he enjoys a certain compensating advantage from the fact that his company is working with him all the year round, that every opera is familiar, that the chorus is a constant, and not a varying quantity, and the engagement of the conductors is permanent. Mr. Manners plays some of his operas, notably "The Meistersingers," with considerable cuts, but in this, as in other matters, he shows discretion, and his amended versions do much to attract the amateur, while doing little to offend the purist. His singers are heard to advantage, because they work in theatres of moderate size, and familiarity with leading rôles does much to enable them to make all possible dramatic points.

COMMON CHORD.



LIFTED FROM THE GROUND BY THEIR PARTNERS:
A CURIOUS FIGURE IN A SWEDISH DANCE.

Photograph by Branger.



Signor Caruso.

PREPARING FOR HIS GREAT TOUR: SIGNOR CARUSO ON THE SANDS AT OSTEND.

Our photograph shows Signor Caruso with Herr Anton Van Rooy. The great tenor began his tour on Friday last, in Dublin. He is to visit various cities, and everywhere entertainments in his honour have been arranged. He is to sing at the Albert Hall on the 17th of next month.



The Lamp Trials Successful!

The report of the judges appointed by the Royal Automobile Club to act in the pressing matter of the Tests of Headlights for Motor-Cars and Motor-Cycles, carried out at the request of the Local Government Board, was issued last Wednesday. I can confidently recommend it to the perusal of all motorists. The tests have gone far to prove that the dazzling effect of motor-car lamps, which is alleged to be a source of annoyance to other users of the highway, can be very greatly minimised without a serious reduction of the necessary illumination of the roadway in front of the car. The committee nevertheless lays emphasis upon the fact that the universal employment of back and front lamps on all vehicles, horse-drawn or otherwise, would be an effective way of reducing the demand for headlights of high power.

Methods of Test.

Notwithstanding the abstention of two or three of the leading lamp-makers, both French and English, twenty-one firms entered forty-seven lamps, of which acetylene was the illuminant in the case of thirty-three, electricity in twelve, petroleum in one, and petrol oxygen in



A CAR DE LUXE: MR. LEONARD WILLIAMSON ON HIS NEW 40-H.P. MÉTALLURGIQUE.

Photograph by Wilson and Co.

another. The range of light, the horizontal dispersion of the beam, the dazzling effect, and the back reflection were all carefully gauged, and are set out in a most complete tabulated summary of results. The range of light given by a lamp was taken as that at which a certain standard of illumination (one-tenth of a candle foot) was given down a line on which the beam had been centred. The horizontal dispersion of light was taken by the width of the beam, over which the illumination from the lamp was not less than the standard measured at half the range, first at 3 ft. from the ground, and then at eye-level—4 ft. 6 in. The dazzling effect was estimated by the distance in front of the lamp at which an object placed 6 ft. at the side of and 6 ft. beyond the lamp could be discerned.

Useful Tips to Users.

It is well that both lamp-makers and lamp-users should know that, with satisfactory optical arrangements, ample illumination is afforded by a light of 20-candle-power, for the measurement of the candle-power of the lamps submitted has shown that the generally accepted notion that intense candle-power is necessary for efficient head-lights is quite erroneous. It would seem that the majority of the makers had arrived at this conclusion either by chance or experiment, for only three of the lamps exceeded 30-candle-power, while the lowest was six, one was of seven, and three were of eight. Users will find some useful information with regard to the position of lamps in the report. The least dazzle was obtained with the lamp very low down—2 feet; but at 3 feet a downward-tilt increased the dazzling effect. Below 3 feet the maximum dazzle accrued with an upward tilt. Undue tilt causes considerable difference in the illuminating power, whereas height had an appreciable effect in diminishing the dazzle. From the point of view of the driver, the horizontal position appeared to be the best, while the nearer the height of 2 feet from the ground was approached, the better.

"Form, Motor-men, Form!"

It would indeed be well if every hotel proprietor, and other folk engaged in business in all places where holiday people most do congregate, would realise the huge sums of money which the iniquitous police-trapping is sending out of and keeping out of the country. The shipping figures of the steam-packet services which take touring-cars to the Continent, and the reports of the several large concerns like the Daimler Motor Company, who run a big touring-hire business, would throw a lurid light on the subject. If motorists as a body were only united, in lieu of a minority owing allegiance to three bodies, and the remainder being unattached, and so united would join forces with the people other than themselves who suffer by this specious persecution, a little while, and a little while only, would separate us from something like freedom to use the roads we pay for without fear of being plundered at every mile. If every motor-car owner in this country would undertake not to spend a farthing in an unclean county unless he was obliged, our influence would very shortly make itself felt in a marked degree.



HE LAUGHS—FOR HE IS NOT A BRITISH MOTORIST! A HAPPY GERMAN AT THE WHEEL OF HIS CAR.

Photograph by Zander and Labisch.

Antarctic Dunlops. The Antarctic motor-car so serviceably employed by Lieutenant Shackleton in his late successful expedition in forming food-depots was lately shown to a number of interested people upon its arrival in London. The writer was amongst the number, and although moved to marvel at the condition of a car which had performed such unusual and strenuous work, he was still more astonished at the wonderful state of the Dunlop tyres to which the polarists had to have recourse when their wood-block-treaded pair gave out. This, by the way, they did very early in the history of the expedition. But the cross-cut Dunlop tyres, encircled with Parsons' chains to give them a bite on the rough ice, proved triumphant, and when I saw them, looked good for as much depot-laying again.



ON A BUSH TRACK IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA: A 14-16-H.P. ARGYLL.

The car has proved its worth by covering just over 13,000 miles in nine months, very often over rough country, without mechanical troubles.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

York Races.

York Races are a very ancient institution, but they were never more popular than they are to-day. The last few years have seen the beginning and end of a struggle over horseracing on the Knavesmire, and the result is that the meeting is likely to be undisturbed—at any rate, for some years. The whirligig of time has wrought many changes in the character of the sport at York. Thus, at one time the Great Yorkshire Stakes was the chief event of the August Meeting; at another period it was the Great Ebor Handicap on which all attention was centred. Now those events are comparatively unimportant, and the Gimcrack Stakes may be reckoned the principal of many excellent dishes. The most sensational occurrence in the history of York Races was the defeat of Dutch Oven in 1882. That mare had won the Yorkshire Oaks on the opening day of the meeting, and had had so little to do that she was started for the Great Yorkshire Stakes on the Thursday. If the consternation was great at her defeat in that event by Peppermint and Nellie, it was as nothing compared with the dumb amazement with which men saw her win the St. Leger a few days afterwards at 40 to 1. At that time of day the Gimcrack Stakes was a very poverty-stricken affair, worth only a little over £100, and the distance of the race was a mile. Now it is a six-furlongs affair, worth about £2000 and a speech to the winner. Colonel Walker has made the speech several times, but he does not seem to have anything in the race this year with a winning chance. Mr. Sullivan, who used to supply a fancied candidate for the Great Ebor year after year, and who won that race two or three times, has nothing entered this year. In fact, Mr. Sullivan's racing is now on quite a modest scale.

The St. Leger.

There seems to be a growing belief in Minoru for the St. Leger, in spite of the fact that all the running since the Derby points very strongly to the likelihood of Bayardo turning the tables. It had been supposed that with the advent of hard ground the summer Bayardo would suffer a relapse into the spring Bayardo, in which case Minoru would most certainly re-establish his superiority. But the hard ground has not arrived, nor is it likely to. Apart from which, the condition of the ground had little or nothing to do with the ill-being of Mr. Fairie's colt earlier in the year. This was rather due to the spell of bad

weather that prevented Bayardo's physical fitness for training purposes. With an improvement in the weather the horse came to himself, and Taylor was able to get at him, with the result that he quickly proved himself the best three-year-old, as he had been the best two-year-old. I expect Minoru and Bayardo will be the first two, but I am confident that Bayardo will be first. I hear that

William the Fourth has been doing well. He was right on top of Minoru in the Derby, but his subsequent display in France has reduced confidence in him. This trio and Bachelor's Double, the Irish horse, will at any rate make the St. Leger an interesting race. The slight extension noted in the price of Bayardo was not due to any untoward news, but on account of several bigish commissions for the King's colt. In spite of having been racing fit practically all the season, Minoru is as lively as a kitten, and does his work as though he thoroughly enjoys it. He will put up a good fight, but I think he will have to strike his flag to the Manton crack.

Foul Riding.

The notice issued to jockeys at Brighton recently focussed attention on what has been a matter of common comment this year—namely,

foul riding. Whether the offences have been intentional or not it is hard to say, but what one can say with truth is that the tactics pursued in many instances lead to undue crowding, and consequent jostling. I have met men who go racing regularly who hold the idea that the principal occupation of some of our jockeys is to try

to prevent one or two of their rivals from winning. That is rather a serious thing to say, but certainly the insane and recklessly persistent manner in which some of the jockeys fly for the rails, as though that is the only possible road to success, leads to all manner of accidents, many of which prevent some horses having the chance to show their true form. You will find the word "unlucky" more times in the form-book that gives notes on the running now than ever before. This reckless riding may be one of the reasons handicappers frequently come to grief in trying to size up the form. Our jockeys rode a little better for a while after the famous lecture they received at Newmarket a year or two ago, but now I fancy they want more than a lecture.

CAPTAIN COE.



CARRIED BY FIVE MEN: A MASTODON'S TUSK, FOUND IN ARKANSAS.



IN A FAMOUS ALPINE CLUB HUT: SWISS MOUNTAINEERS RESTING DURING AN ARDUOUS CLIMB.

Photograph by H. G. Ponting.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 8.

AUTUMN MARKETS.

DOUBTLESS there will be disappointment round the Stock Exchange at the slow way in which business is certain to develop after the holidays. People do not come back all at the same time, and when they do it is not always that they want to dash vehemently into speculation. Markets must rest content with a quiet broadening of business to begin with, and the comparative firmness of Consols is a pleasant feature. The pyrotechnical performances of Yankees are making very little difference to other departments, and we hardly remember a Yankee frenzy like the present which has produced so little effect through the rest of the House. This would seem to indicate that the interest in Americans on this side is confined to a very narrow circle.

THE FLIGHT OF YANKEES.

At the present moment, Mr. Harriman is the American market. Were he to be removed, temporarily or permanently, from his present position in the Wall Street world, there would be such a slump in prices as would deserve the name of panic. This much is plain. It behoves the operator, then, to get right at the back of the magnate's brain, and then he will be tolerably certain to do the right thing. If, however, he cannot accomplish the brain feat, he must be content to gamble on chance in Yankees. Because prices come down one day, or two, it must not be concluded that the day of vengeance for the bears is at hand. We have seen set-backs before which turned out to be nothing more or less than traps for the shorts, encouraging them to sell more shares prior to the advance being resumed. Were we forced to bet, we should favour the rise against the fall, but would prefer not to have any stake in the market while conditions remain so artificial and manipulated.

RUBBISH BONDS.

For the meteoric jump in Costa Rica "A" and "B" bonds, the main reason was scarcity of stock to supply a small demand that arose. Since last April the idea has been abroad—it was mentioned here some months ago—that the Americans were busying themselves, either officially or privately, with the Costa Rican debt. It now seems that a sort of syndicate has the matter in hand, and the market talks the "A" bonds to 70 and the "B" to 50. On the strength of the demand mentioned above, the prices did go to 60 and 45 respectively the other day; and considering what experience has taught in the past, we have little hesitation in saying it is right to sell if anything like those two quotations are reached again. The gamble in Honduras received an abrupt check upon publication of the terms which, for all practical purposes, may be regarded as giving Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co. an option over the bonds for a year at the price of 15. They are dangerous things for the widow or the orphan to hold, but there ought to be a point or so rise. What are called the French Honduras bonds stand about one per cent. lower than the English issue, and are said to rank equally with the latter in any arrangement, the cause of the discrepancy being that in the French there is a narrower market than in the English bonds.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

The most trying month of the summer is practically over, for which relief much thanks. I speak, of course, from the business aspect of the case. That very hottest week of August was more than a little trying. Made you wish you were a ginger-beer merchant. The Stock Exchange drank barrels of ginger-beer. There was a regular run on it; with gin, or ale, or angosturas, or by itself, it slumped—down our throats—at a ruinous rate. A matter of fashion, to some extent, no doubt, just as whisky went right out of it for a few days. Instead of whisky, we all drank the humbler "rosy" beloved of Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. Rather curious, wasn't it? Ginger-beer and cyder, gin, champagne. There was more of these four drunk than of all the other liquids put together during the hot spell.

There's one little wine-shop close to the House in which they reckon to dispose of twenty to twenty-five bottles of champagne, besides all the other things, over the counter every day. A bottle of champagne holds six glasses. Multiply, say, twenty bottles by, say, three hundred working days in the year, and you have six thousand bottles. Divide them up into six glasses apiece, and you arrive at the highly respectable (!) total of thirty-six thousand glasses of champagne sold across the counter of one little shop alone. At sixpence a glass, the bill for the lot comes out at £900. Allow 20 per cent. gross profit, and you make ten shillings a day all the year round, counting every Sunday but five. When is a gold-mine not a gold-mine? When it's a wine-shop, of course, Silly.

One thing I've noticed is that it is generally pretty safe to buy Consols for a small turn about three weeks before the price goes ex-dividend. As this happens four times a year, there is obviously scope for talent.

It is quite refreshing to find stocks which one has recommended for investment are on the rise. I am getting far too old to blow any particularly stentorian blasts on my own trumpet, but may perhaps be excused for drawing attention to the steady improvement in the Russian Railway 4½ per cent., Armavir-Touapsé, scrip, which has come up from about ½ premium to 3 premium. No, don't sell it. The price will, I feel confident, rise to 4 or 5 premium, although, perhaps, a speculator will do well to take a lower price. He might even get out now if by so doing he secures a good profit, and come in again later on if the price reacts. But for investors the scrip is excellent, and the estimate of the future price I put upon it will probably be found to err on the side of modesty.

Were anyone to offer a prize for an essay on the subject of "Doornails," I should weigh in with a long article about Home Railway Stocks. The judge, who would probably be a holder of the stocks himself, I could count upon to award me the certificate without demur, because Home Railways are more dead than the average tinctack. Some people, it's true, still deal in them. There are markings every day in the Stock Exchange Official List, but life or interest in the market is there none. We never see a client who wants to gamble in five Brummagems: we get an order in a brace of Berthas about as often as we get a brace of grouse. There are many of us who really thought there would be a bit of a spurt in Home Railway Stocks this autumn, and, of course, such a movement may yet come. But to advise people to buy them as a gamble is not to be thought of.

Talking of grouse, I hear the same old story trotted out every year, with a different name tacked on each time. You've heard it, no doubt. A Stock Exchange man was invited to a swagger shoot, and at the close of his stay offered the head-keeper—whom he had scarcely seen all the time—a sovereign by way of tip. With a lordly air, the keeper drew himself up, and said that he was not in the habit of taking any but paper money. Our friend profusely apologised, replaced the coin, dived into one pocket after another, and finally pressed into the hand of the gentleman—a postal-order for two-and-six.

The probable course of the Kaffir market it is a little difficult to judge. One cannot help feeling sorry—in a way—that prices did not go lower, instead of keeping up so remarkably well this month. Had there been a reaction, it seems to me that the public would have been more easily persuaded to take a hand on their return to town; but the man who comes back and finds Kaffirs quite as high as they were before he went away will probably think twice about having a dash. The big houses could start a boomlet with ease if they wanted to, and this, of course, they may see fit to do, in which event the public would romp in cheerily enough. One has a feeling that Kaffirs will be put along again, though at the same time there's a kind of lurking fear lest the current range of prices is sufficiently high to restrain public speculation without a very strong impulse being first afforded to the market by the big houses.

Next month the problem will begin to work itself out, and we shall see—what we shall see. Meanwhile, in the intervals of profound cogitation over the Kaffir Circus conundrum, switch off on to the other presented by a very small boy to a Board School inspector who had been so indiscreet as to invite the children to ask him any question they liked, and he would answer it. "S'posin' yer was standin' up to yer chin in mud," said the urchin, "and a man was goin' to frow a brick at yer 'ead. Would yer duck?"

The American Market—but perhaps I had better not. It is such a gambling toss-up, or toss-down, to deal in Yankees that the spin of a coin is almost as valuable as the opinion of any man. One might say something that would give rise on the part of a reader to what the sentimental Miss described as the saddest words in the English language, "Et tu, Brute," words so finely paraphrased by the public schoolboy into "You Brute, you!" I am not eager to hear them applied to

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

JUNGLESE.

West Africans are resting on their laurels, and the market looks about as lively as the Kaffir Circus. The authorities seem a little doubtful as to when this somnolence may be expected to wear off.

* * * * *

Speculators in Amalgamated should deal in seventy shares, or multiples, because of the rights that there will soon be attached to them.

* * * * *

It is quite likely that upon the return of certain jobbers from the grouse-moors to the Jungle, a semblance of activity will be imparted to the market. The public, however, are rather waiting to see what the Companies can do in the way of gold-production before buying much more.

* * * * *

A broker asked the price of some West Africans in which a fair market is supposed to exist. The reply came back that "the shop" only knew the price from seeing it in the paper, and, so far as they know, it was utterly unreliable, but they had nothing to do!

* * * * *

Only the man prepared to take up his shares and wait should buy West Africans now. If he is prepared to do this, neither Wassaus, Amalgamated, nor Ashanti Goldfields—as mentioned before—are likely to hurt him as speculative purchases.

Saturday, August 21, 1909.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor,
The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

R. M.—The old Company has now become merged into the new. Evidently they are very anxious that you should consent. Should advise you to hold out and see what they offer. Perhaps they would buy the shares if you suggested it.

WATERS.—You cannot be accused of taking an ultra-pessimistic view. We should say that "Sags" are a tolerably good speculative holding at the present price.

INEX.—The Ceylon Tea Plantations is a good and excellently managed company. Perhaps at 5 the shares are fully valued. You might sell half and put the money into Yatiyantotas, which, no doubt you know, is also a Ceylon undertaking. Tea prospects for the next six or nine months are considered good.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At York, Royal Realm may win the Great Ebor Handicap; Sundrop, the Convivial Produce Stakes; St. Victrix, the Duke of York Stakes; Hackler's Girl, the Harewood Handicap; and Greenback, the Gimcrack Stakes. For Gatwick I like these: August Handicap, Glacis; Home-Bred Plate, Sunshine; Sutton Handicap, V.H.S.; Kite Handicap, Raytoi; and Rostrum Handicap, Eey Falo.

GRAND OPERA IN ENGLISH FOR ENGLISH PEOPLE.

AMONG those who have worked heart and soul for the establishment of opera in English are Mme. Moody and her husband, Mr. Charles Manners, the enthusiastic directors of the Moody-Manners company, which is now giving its annual season of opera in English, and at theatre prices, at the Lyric Theatre, and that with every prospect of financial success. In the provinces, as everyone knows, the Moody-Manners company has a great vogue and popularity, for its performances are inspired by enthusiasm and carried out with completeness, care, and a sense of thoroughness which redound to the credit of the managers. The relation between opera in English and the different parts of the United Kingdom is an interesting question on which a representative of *The Sketch* has just had an opportunity of obtaining some striking facts from Mr. Charles Manners, who said, "There is no doubt that the Irish are the most musical people in the kingdom. They are great lovers of melody, and in proof of it we stay in Dublin for five weeks—longer than in any other town—playing in a large theatre to crowded houses every night. Hitherto we have relied on the old Italian operas there, for they love the works like 'Lucia di Lammermoor' and 'Traviata.' This year we did 'The Meistersingers' for the first time, and musical Dublin raved over Wagner. This is a distinct difference from our experience in the past, for Dublin was rather shy of Wagner for some years. Even in Cork, the Irish love of music is so great that we can stay for two weeks, and the theatre is crowded at every performance."

"After the Irish, as lovers of music, come the Scotch. Edinburgh and Glasgow prefer Wagner, and although 'Lucia' deals with a Scotch subject, the people in Edinburgh do not care for it, and it would be sure to draw a bad house. You may judge of the advance in the Scotch attitude towards Wagner from the following fact: I heard that the first time 'Tannhäuser' was done in Glasgow it played to only £14. Now 'Tannhäuser' is one of my best-paying operas in Glasgow, and will draw the full capacity of the house—about £270 or £280. Glasgow, indeed, while it used to be a bad town for opera, now pays well. Birmingham, on the other hand, was very enthusiastic five or six years ago; but business has been so

bad during the last two or three visits that, I am sorry to say, our next visit will be the last for many years. Manchester we have not been to for the last five years, for business was so bad the last time, and everything seemed so hopeless there, that we had to give up going there, though we did so most reluctantly. This year, however, we return, as we have been specially engaged by Miss Horniman, who nobly takes the financial risk of the venture."

"After Scotland, as opera-lovers, I should put the great towns of the potteries—Hanley, Burnley, Bolton, and Blackburn. They are such music-lovers that they will go to Wagner with great delight, and in Blackburn we have often seen women with shawls over their heads listening to 'The Meistersingers' or 'The Flying Dutchman.'"

"On the other hand, contrary to what most people would think, the towns which pride themselves on their musical festivals are not good for Grand Opera. Festivals in the provinces resemble Grand Opera in London. There is a great deal of fashion about them. The general impression prevails, I know, that wherever there is a musical festival the people must be very musical. I can only tell you that as a result of our experience, they do not go to opera. At the festivals, you will see all the latest fashions, while the milliners and dressmakers advertise their attractions very largely in the festival towns at or before the time. In opposition to this, the towns which go in for brass bands are invariably good, from our point of view. Our appeal is to the mass of the people, and we want to inculcate a love of music in them. In this we have succeeded to some extent. There are in various towns and cities some 3000 amateurs who have learnt many of the operas in our repertoire. They give performances of these operas themselves, and we often lend them a tenor and a soprano to help them with the chief parts, as we lend them our scores, without any charge. Many of the girls who take part in these performances are employed in mills or in shops, and the young men are in business. When we are going to their towns, the Societies naturally know what our operas are to be, and we always send them notice that we will provide dresses, specially kept for that purpose, for as many of them as like to take part in the chorus. In that way, we frequently double the number of our chorus, and instead of sixty we have 120 or more people on the stage—a larger chorus than in any other Grand Opera in the world."

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